

Eight-
ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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January to June.

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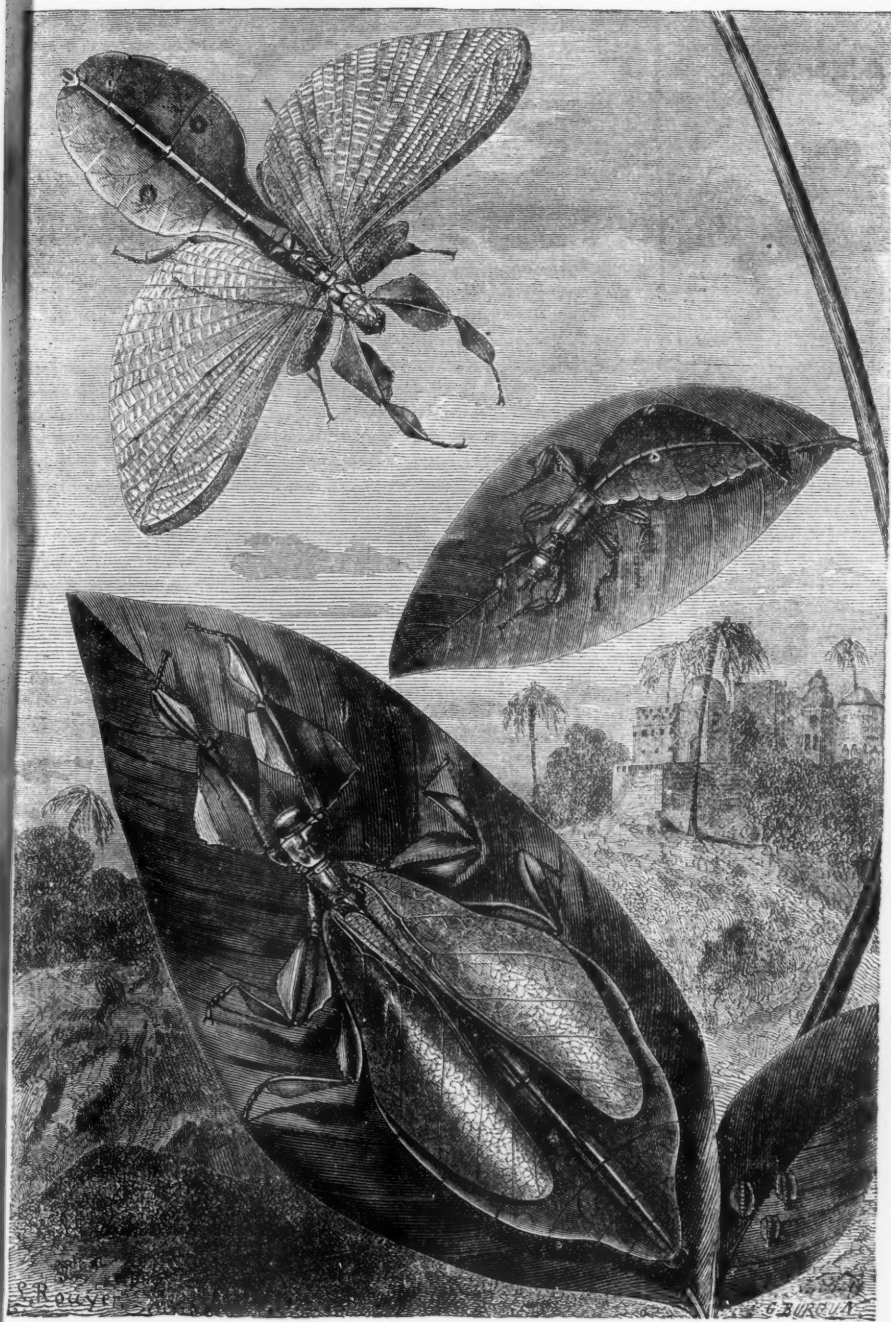
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"She saw reflected in the mirror the figure of a man, carrying a formidable knife, advancing around an angle of the room behind her."—Page 38.







THE WALKING-LEAF OF INDIA—FEMALE AND YOUNG. (*Phyllium siccifolium*.) See page 57.
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This girth is worked with white zephyr wool in Tunisian stitch. The border is in white, green, red, and blue wool in Tunisian Gobelin crochet stitch.

This jacket is worked in two colors of zephyr wool, and ornamented with a crochet pointed border. Begin the fronts and backs from the under edge on a suitable foundation, making each separate, and joining them afterward. Begin the sleeve on the under edge with a foundation of the requisite length, and work the sleeve from it, and close the opening.



CROCHET FICHU.

This fichu is worked with white zephyr wool in Tunisian stitch. The border is in white, green, red, and blue.



CROCHET JACKET.

This jacket is worked in two colors of zephyr wool, and ornamented with a crocheted pointed border. Begin the fronts and backs from the bottom foundation, making each row of stitches and joining them afterward. Begin the sleeves on the round, using white zephyr wool.



The besaquo is very long, forming an overcoat—the front and side-forms being shorter than the back-breadth, which is gathered into the centre of the tight back of the corsage, and kept in place by two ribbon-sashes, which are attached to the side-forms, and tied across it. This suit should be trimmed with narrow flounces or ruffles of the material, alternated with silk fringe and flounces of a darker hue, headed by a quilting of the material, with a piping laid through the centre. The gored skirt is very scanty, and has six flounces and two long hanging flanges. The bodice is trimmed with the exception of the fringe, is continued up the back of the side-forms, this trimming with the exception of the fringe, is continued up the back of the side-forms to the waist. The collar and cuffs are ruffled to correspond with the rest of the costume. Mohair, merino, and poplin-alpaca make up handsomely with black silk.



The long dress of white silk is trimmed half a finger from the bottom with a five-inch wide band of blue silk, which is also trimmed with narrow box-plaiting of the same; the white silk fringe is then laid over the plain blue band, and trimmed with box-plaiting of blue silk. A Spanish bodice of blue silk, trimmed with box-plaiting of the same, is worn over the high, closely fitting corset, the sleeves of which are precisely finished with buttons, straps and cuffs of blue silk. The overskirt of blue silk is edged with a box-plaited flounce, and simply trimmed with two rows of black piping. No less than five sashes are attached to the white belt. The three at the back form loops; under the back width the overskirt is laid in plaits, to give a slight fulness. The two other sashes are fastened from the front, terminating each side in large bows fringed ends.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



STREET COSTUMES.

No. 1.—A short, closely fitting basque, with serrated edge, an upper and a lower skirt, is the costume of this costume. Middle of the bustle-trimmed alpaca, and trimmed with milliner's folds of black silk and handsome fringe, is both stylish and serviceable. The flat vandyke trimming on the skirt, which forms a heading to the fringe, may be entirely of black silk or of the alpaca, edged with folds of silk. The back of the basque is quite short, and serrated to correspond with the front. The overskirt is only serrated in front, the back being bouffant, edged with fringe and trimmed to correspond with the lower skirt; at each side is placed a bow, with two long fringed ends. A belt terminating in a large looped bow, without ends, is worn with this costume.

No. 2.—Consists of a gored skirt, a long basque, and a beautiful tablier. The deep scalloped flounce is laid in large box-plaits at wide intervals, and between each is a bow, with ends of black velvet. The tablier is covered with rows of milliner's folds, and very narrow



LITTLE GIRL'S SUIT.

black velvet. The basque is made with wide sailor collar, and is trimmed with scalloped flouncing and narrow velvet to match the skirt. A bow of alpaca, with two long ends, is placed on each side of the basque.

Nos. 3 and 4.—A little girl's suit of merino or empress-cloth, consisting of gored dress and mantle. Two narrow box-plaited flounces of the material are arranged (see illustration) above to give the effect of two long overskirts; bands of velvet, with white edges, are so fitting with each flounce, and round the bottom of the skirt; the corsage is hirt and covered deep be-coat-sleeves. The mantle, which is quite narrow on the shoulders and attached with narrow box-plaited hand, is laid in plaits at the back, under a rosette, and adorned with narrow box-plaited flouncing, surmounted by a black velvet bow. The mantle is made similar to the skirt trimming. Rosettes ornament the sides of the skirt and the sleeves.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

THE LITTLE DROOPING FLOWER.

WORDS BY G. W. MOORE.

MUSIC BY CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

Grazioso.

Once in the spring-time of my life, When all a - round was clear, There

came a little, drooping flow'r, Who wept a bitter tear; Her

fa - ther gone long, long ago, Her mother, too, is dead. "Oh!

cres. *dim.* *f* *dim.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/style marking is 'Grazioso'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second and third systems include vocal lines with lyrics. The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. Dynamics include 'cres.' (crescendo), 'dim.' (diminuendo), and 'f' (forte).

THE LITTLE DROOPING FLOWER.

11

R.

PHIN.

here

Her

Her

Her

Her

Her

rall.

pity me, poor little one!" Were all the words she said. Oh!

rall.

heaven bless the little ones, She raised her drooping head; "O

mother! dearest mother, dear!" Were all the words she said.

rall.

I took her soft and snow-white hand,
And led her to the door;
Ah! bitterly we both did weep,
As never wept before;
She raised her little hands and cried,
"Can this be true they're dead?
Oh! would my time was come to die!"
Were all the words she said.
Oh! heaven bless, &c.

The time roll'd on; I prized and loved
As never loved before,
And oftentimes think of when I met
My love at father's door.
Those days are past, we're happy now,
Our sorrows they are fled,
I wish'd her mine, she answer'd, "Yes;
I'm thine alone," she said.
Oh! heaven bless, &c.



VELVET ROUND HAT.



BLACK VELVET HAT.



ARTOT BONNET.



DUCHESS BONNET.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1870.

CROWNS FOR YOUR BROWS.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT many women (I am thankful to know) have earned halos in their time. Some we have heard of, and some we know nothing about. Women's faces with the aureole shine out of history, but oftener they shine out of human hearts, wherein they were photographed long after their materiality had passed away.

There are men who profess they "do not believe in women." And they do not lack sentimental imitators, devoid of their vices because devoid of their fibre, to cry the fallen sentiment. The two hands of a man's spiritual body seem to me to be faith in God and faith in woman. If he is maimed of these, where-with shall he work strongly and worthily through his duration? I know some women are coarse, but I know (and again render thanks for it) that some rise up and earn halos—women of warm blood, and tried flesh, and many faults, whose aureoles were visible within the doors of their homes before they were set to shine on the doors of their tombs.

Margaret Amyrillis did not know she was earning one—it is a remarkable fact that those who are thus illuminated seldom know it—she was so occupied with doing her duty and growing lovely thereat. To grow lovely at duty, to make our actions rebound upon ourselves, is the hardest, but the noblest part of all.

The western wind blew, and the western sun shone upon her prairie home; but potent as are such wind and sun, they never could spoil her face that set itself bravely to them as it set itself bravely to life. She had been born in England. Mr. Amyrillis was a gentleman. He could trace back his ancestry through generations. Margaret had been an heiress. But Mr. Amyrillis was weak. He bowed under

misfortunes, and the tide swept him, almost destitute, to America. He brought his delicate wife and daughter to the prairies; and rearing such a home as he could afford, and which he would not have considered fit for a tenant in England, he began—not to toil manfully, like many another ruined foreigner, up the free terraces of American promotion, but—to vegetate. And beside him, a woman who refused to be comforted, like Rachel, for the loss of her first-born ambitions, vegetated also. He grew like cypress, poor man, breathing and nourishing himself, but always sighing; while Mrs. Amyrillis, like ivy, clung tenaciously to all the ugly and disagreeable parts of their situation, and luxuriated solemnly over the whole.

Between two such parents, with her tastes put behind her and her fate to face, Margaret Amyrillis lived and toiled. She often had ugly thoughts in that closet which Mrs. Stowe places behind the human intellect, and which she says is often filled with mean guests, while the brain's front parlor is more properly occupied. But blessed is the soul who can keep these thoughts in the closet. There is more hope of expelling them by the way they came in.

The Amyrillis home was a wooden building, with one room below and a loft above. These Margaret wrought skilfully with. They could not afford "help;" besides, "help" was not easily found. The girl studied to become a clever little housekeeper. She made the rooms as pretty and convenient as possible. She planned and helped her father to make a folding screen, which at night separated her mother's bed-corner into a chamber by itself. She curtained the walls with some old tapestry, and hung her own pictures here and there. And in a little shed behind their hut, she did the

meaner drudging, with hands you would have shuddered to see in relations to dishwater and soapsuds, though you read in the placid forehead above them a conviction that this was appointed, and, therefore, consecrating work.

Margaret was not a beauty. She had shapely hands and bright hair; her eyes were blue and clear; she was small, and had a sweet dignity. In the sphere to which she was born, she would have been a charming woman; in the sphere to which she was led, she became a sainted presence. You and I might develop thus through our vexations, sister. We have just as much capital to begin with as had Margaret Amyrillis. And she is not a phantom of the brain, but to-day exists a living soul among God's millions. Her winters were cold, and her summers hot, and her toil wearying, like ours. She hungered for society, and received a stone; she thirsted for tenderness, and had vinegar to drink from her fermenting parents. She almost suffocated in her life, and used to look through the loft window at the stars, her bosom bursting with its throes. And sometimes the selfish question filled her, "Why must all this come upon *me*? I would rather be blotted out than live so! Why, I wasn't made for this!" the indignant nature would add, till she remembered that the servant is not better than her lord; and believing herself over-brooded by love, this devout little woman would turn back from rebellion, confident that her being would yet reach its symmetry, and find its answers. God never made a germ to grow hideous for want of its proper food.

One hot July morning, she stood churning her butter in the shed, and soothing her mother in the house. The churn gave forth a pleasant sound, but Mrs. Amyrillis uttered most dolorous ones. She lay in a rocking-chair, fanning herself with one languid hand.

"Oh! I can't stand this," said the poor lady; "these things are wearing my life out. I wonder what your father ever intends to do. My health has been sacrificed; all your prospects have been sacrificed. I do not see now any worse things can befall us. It would be well if we could all die in a heap now. Margaret, you are growing to look like a milkmaid!"

"Do you really think it is not worth our while to live, since no worse things can befall us, my mother?"

"You seem to enjoy degradation! I do wish, Margaret, you would remember you are a lady. How large your hands are becoming!"

"They are not so large as to be unwieldy, dear mother," laughed Margaret. "I do think,"

she added softly, with emphasis in her lambent eyes, "that there is no degradation in my trying to comfort my father and mother."

"It's poor comfort," fretted Mrs. Amyrillis, "to see our daughter toiling and coarsening with no hopes before her." Margaret had "hopes," but her mother would have regarded them as simply "religious feelings," which were made for use in the temple, like the precious vessels thereof, and with reverence only to be spoken of elsewhere.

The cream had not yet yielded its rich secret, but was foaming and swelling therewith. Mrs. Amyrillis, crying behind her nervous hands, was not likely ever to yield a secret that would enrich anybody. Margaret applied herself more energetically to both cases. She hastened to show her mother an amusing article in the one newspaper they afforded; she kissed the lady's heated temples, and crooned a pretty air to give her reading a pleasant undertone. Then she dashed the churn-handle with firmer hands. In her neat dress, whitely banded at neck and wrists, with her hair smoothly arranged, and her noble eyes shining, she did not look like a coarsening woman.

The paper dropped, by and by, into Mrs. Amyrillis's lap, and she slept through the languid hours till Margaret's hand was laid on her forehead at noon.

"Dinner is ready, you see, mother dear. I have carried yours up into my room. The men are coming from their threshing to the table. Will you go up-stairs now?"

"Yes. Ugh! those dreadful wretches! What customs *do not* the Americans have! And you have to serve them, Margaret?"

"Yes. Father would be but a bungling waiter, you know."

"Your father, or you either, serving a lot of reeking boors at our own table! Oh! what is the world coming to?"

"To dinner, my mother. At least, a sufficient part of the world to demand my attention at once. I do not mind it, and father does not serve. He sits down with them, you know."

"Yes, he sits down *with* them," fumed Mrs. Amyrillis. "The representative of a house who no more allowed their dependants to sit above the salt than they allowed the dogs!"

"But these men are not dependants, mother. They are free-born American citizens."

Mrs. Amyrillis put out her hand in scorn to repel the free-born American citizens. Her daughter arranged her seat, and found a little shawl to keep her from the draught.

"I will bring your dessert as soon as they

have begun eating," then promised the girl, turning to go down-stairs.

"I suppose," queried the mother, with some indefinite qualms, "I hope they are—not insolent—toward you? Perhaps I ought to stay down there?"

"Oh! no," replied Margaret, her sweet dignity becoming apparent, "they are very respectful; they could not be otherwise."

The threshers crowded from out-door world upon her white floor, just as her own foot, descending from the last step, pressed it. She nodded quietly to those whom she knew. They all recognized her presence. Some of them were hulking fellows, who had never before been so courteous to a woman. Thus imperceptibly she broke the ice between them and a sex they dreaded. For having greeted a woman properly once, they would experience less terror at the next trial. Their burnished faces, just purified from Margaret's bowls of cool water and fresh towels, encircled the table. Mr. Amyrillis sat piteously at the head, trying to assimilate himself to his companions. His face was a comical mixture of horror at western freedom and a servile desire to conciliate. He shuddered, cypress-like, to hear his old and gentle name maimed until it was "Armless." And he was obliged to feed the very hacking lips that maimed it! He looked stupidly at the men taking their cups of coffee from his daughter's high-bred hands, and wondered if they knew she came of a line three times as old as their monstrous government! Poor man; there was less beef and wine, and more pastry and bile, in his make-up than formerly; he could not become healthfully Americanized. He could not see, as his daughter saw, "men and brothers" in these stalwart specimens. "Men and brothers" they did indeed prove themselves not long after in the war against the Rebellion.

"Is Miss Armless onwell to-day?" asked one neighbor, handing back his cup for the fourth time. "I don't see her knockin' round."

Mr. Amyrillis stared fiercely, but recovered himself in a piteous grin.

"The lady—my wife—yes, she is quite well, thank you. Her health has never been poor."

"The heat oppresses my mother," put in Margaret quietly over her father's blunder. "I am afraid she will have fever."

"Sho!" said the neighbor, gurgling at his cup. "Now, this here's slappin' coffee!" he exclaimed gallantly. "I reckon you learned to make it in the old country, didn't you, Marge?"

"No. I have only learned to work since I came to America."

"Wuth your while to come, then. Girls allays ort to know how to work. Orten't they, Armless?"

Mr. Amyrillis whimpered, but finally came out with triumph in his sickly grin. "Exercise was healthy," he conceded.

"To be sure it is," said the stolid farmer. "Have you had any agur feelin's sence you come here?" he inquired.

The broken-down gentleman hesitated. He was almost tempted to a solemn pun. "Give me not poverty," had often been in his mind, but "Give me not riches" never. He thought his agur feelin's had only been partial. True to his cypress development, however, he sighed and answered literally that he had had one or two chills.

Margaret's eyes were drawn up during a jargon of talk to find one man reverently watching her. He was large and bronzed. She remembered to have heard him called Jack Warren. There was some breeding beneath his roughness. Seeing his gaze was noticed, he begged her for another glass of milk. She gave it, and finding a gap in her occupation, hastened to carry up her mother's dessert, innocent of having made an impression, so completely had duty taken the place of self-consciousness in her.

As she returned, a merry oath burst from this man's lips. He met her eyes and colored, exclaiming at once with Western frankness, "I beg your pardon, Miss Margaret. I am ashamed of that, and I'll try never to do it again."

"Thank you," said the girl gratefully.

Her look, he told the men afterward—"that look of her eyes went deeper into him than any sermon that any preacher ever pounded out of a pulpit."

Thenceforward Jack Warren, western farmer, loved the little English lady, and began to see the halo round her head, which is yet to him a star leading upward.

CHAPTER II.

In this community, Sabbath was a mere day of pause—a period at the end of the week, which they often ran over and rendered quite as busy as any comma preceding it. There was no church to attend. Once in three months an itinerant minister called a few worshippers together in the school-house.

Margaret missed so sorely the chime of bells,

her seat in the old church, and the beautiful lessons and service; she missed the light falling from stained windows, her father's tenants with their respectful looks, the sweet thrills of the organ; she missed everything but the spirit of devotion in her own heart. This she carried up to her chamber after the Sunday morning work was done—after the house was made trim, and her mother comfortably settled in the easy-chair, with Bible, Prayer-book, smelling-bottle, fan and George Herbert's hymns; and her father brushed and tidied like the infant that he was. And having carried it up, she turned the attic into a little chapel and worshipped. She had curtained in one side of the attic, and garnished it as prettily as she could. Without the folds the family stores were arranged; within was the maiden's bower. Her cot stood by the square hole known as the window, which she covered with mosquito-bars in the summer. Pictures, in fanciful frames of leaves or burrs, hung about. Here Margaret sat on Sabbath morning, and tried to believe herself in the old church. She read the prayers and the Psalter, and hummed the old organ notes, till all the former peace would come and encompass her. Here, also, on this day, she opened a locked drawer, and looked at the pictured face of a young man. She was careful on every such occasion to admonish herself concerning the owner of the face. She never kissed it and fondled upon it, as most girls do, but her lips and hands trembled.

"Now, Margaret Amyrillis," ran her sermon, "look at Mr. Walter Chevelier if you must, but remember he no longer cares for you. He will come back from India to marry some beautiful woman, and live in London. He is rich, and talented, and good. You are a poor farmer's daughter in the United States, with nothing to distinguish you, and are often exceeding sinful. But there can be no harm in your trying to become such a woman as he would approve of. Be careful, however, that you do not make an image of this little miniature, and play the papist, for then it will have to be destroyed, and you will see the friend who helps you so much no more."

The Amyrillis family were not troubled with Sabbath visitors, though all their neighbors went visiting on that day. Early in their sojourn, Mrs. Amyrillis had set the neighborhood on fire by her ejection of a good wife and brood who came to spend the day with her. Disturbed and exasperated, she resented the intrusion energetically, to the distress of her daughter and the horror of her husband, giving

"my good woman" quite as sound a piece of advice as if "my good woman" had been one of her cottagers, instead of her American equal. Margaret followed their indignant neighbor out, and begged she would not be deeply offended at what Mrs. Amyrillis had said, and that she would let her little children come some time to be formed into a Sabbath class. But, without a word, the neighbor drove off, and until long after, the Amyrillises were not troubled with visitors on any day.

"I think you were a little sharp, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Amyrillis. "To be sure, we respect old and time-honored customs, but we ought to try to *conciliate*—"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Amyrillis," replied the acid lady, nodding, "that's your policy, I know. It really seems to be your mission in this world to make way with old and time-honored things!"

Upon which Mr. Amyrillis looked around for his hat and sun-umbrella, remarking—"I believe I will go out among the sheep, my dear;" which very appropriate thing he did.

CHAPTER III.

So they lived on, a dull, same life, its only break being an occasional visit to the nearest village for supplies. Margaret seized on little things, and drew joy from them. A bird-song would make her happy for a day. Some pleasant tidings in the newspaper from the old land would unlock volumes of sweet thoughts for her. She saw all the tints of the landscape. And when Jack Warren brought her rare wild flowers, she was so delighted with them that he never afterward saw their delicate faces without being reminded of her delicate face.

This seemed the most languid summer Margaret had ever known. Her outer weariness was wearing in, and her inner weariness was wearing out; so the two seemed likely to strike hands and form an alliance over her slight body. But she was young and brave. She fought disease off herself, and wrought hard to cast it out of the house. Early rains on luxuriant vegetation made the autumn a sickly one. Mr. Amyrillis took the fever, and his wife groaned beside him in ague fits. The sloughs, whose growth of tall, dark grass had been the only thing to distinguish them during August days, turned to noisome ponds, and through them the doctor's horse often splashed.

Mr. Amyrillis sighed and meekly flourished on his sick-bed as he had sighed and meekly flourished in health and cow-hide boots. But

Mrs. Amyrillis, shaking through all her ivy leaves, became such a doleful reminder of church-yards and grave-stones, was so querulous and exacting, that she wearied her patient child more than any other trial.

Many neighbors, who had less sickness at home, came and offered their services to Margaret—western people do not carry their hearts in a tough pericardium—and she was grateful.

Margaret's head grew large and her neck thin; her eyes took vivid lights; time became to her a long-drawn crisis. The sky and earth looked so solemn that autumn. Her cat stalked about with a gaunt and solemn air; the very cocks in the barn-yard crowed with a solemn cadence. She had a fancy of calling herself the "Ancient Mariner," but shuddered lest her father and mother should become the dead upon the deck of her motionless ship on that motionless prairie sea.

She told the quaint story to Jack Warren one October morning, as he drove her from the village with her monthly supplies. Economy was then so important in the family, that she could not trust this mission to another.

"Ah! if father and mother should die!" she trembled. "That image of the 'Ancient Mariner' would not be a more desolate thing than I. And I have committed worse sins in my life than killing an albatross.

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small,
For the Great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I'm afraid it has always been my fault to love some persons and things very much, to the exclusion of others."

Jack shook the lines and whistled softly. He could not tell her in delicate sentences all that was churning in his contained bosom, but he by and by brought forth the product of that commotion in a compact and manly proposal.

"I don't think there's any danger of your father and mother dying; but if they do, no family on this prairie will ever see you shelterless, Margaret Amyrillis. And there's more boys than this one would be glad to offer you a home of your own whenever you'd take it."

Margaret recoiled, as women are apt to do when an unwelcome hand comes knocking at the inner guest-chamber, and her recoil was greater because the man who had spoken for a place already occupied, was of what her English sense still denominated "the people."

She had always placed him beneath her, and regarded him with much the same confidence

and affection that she had given to the respectful laborers among her father's tenantry.

But "a man's a man for a' that," and when he comes with his heart in his hand, is not to be despised, though he were meaner than a landholding American voter, with the way to American kingship open before him.

"I know I'm not your equal," continued Jack. "I haven't the education and the manners, but I'll take care of you as the apple of my eye. I'm well off, and likely to be rich; and you could make such a man of me as a woman needn't be ashamed of."

As Margaret looked at his glowing face and clear, simple eyes, her heart was moved toward him.

"I can't marry you, Jack," she said with kind directness. "I love you a great deal for your goodness—"

"My goodness! I haven't any, excepting what you taught me, Margaret Amyrillis," he attested. "I never saw another woman like you!"

"But I cannot be your wife. Some one better adapted will fill the place you offer me. And I am always your friend."

"Which is about as much as a fellow like me ought to ask," resigned Jack sadly; "but I'd rather have you for my friend than many another one I've seen for my wife," he concluded, unconsciously repeating a compliment that men have often paid to excellent women.

As they rode on through the blackening twilight, he looked at her by turns, though more in reverence than regret. An earnestly good woman is not lost to every man excepting the one that wins her to wedlock.

When I think of those two, drawn through the sunless prairie air together—Margaret's pale face looking on and at the stars, Jack's turned aside to hers—and remember the struggle set before each, I wonder how any soul can imagine we came into this life for ease, and can evade our tasks like cruel children.

CHAPTER IV.

In the late October days, Margaret fell sick. When Mrs. Amyrillis grew conscious of the fact—and she had to grow into consciousness of it—great was her rustling and wailing. In vain Margaret assured her she was not very ill—that she was only tired, and must rest. The lady felt sure the time had come for them "to die, in a heap," and, from her manner, it did not seem the best thing that could happen, after all.

Margaret saw, through her loft window, the sere-grown prairies; no amber, and gold, and crimson frost-bitten leaves relieved their dullness; and her brain grew dull as the prospect. Day and day went rapidly by, leaving her weak and spiritless.

But one afternoon, in a time when October was about to give over his gleanings to the hands of November, Margaret staggered from her cot, dressed and wrapped herself, and sat down in her low rocker. The woman whom it had required both love and money to procure as her substitute housekeeper, came up, and lifted her hands in astonishment.

"If you wanted anything, why didn't you call me?" cried this Martha reproachfully.

"I do not want anything," replied Margaret weakly, "except to escape from that monotonous bed."

"I'll make it up," said Martha, going at it vigorously. "If your bed was uncomfortable, you orto have told me."

"Oh! don't mind it," pleaded Margaret, "I do not need any attention now at all, and you must be tired."

"And when I've done it," proceeded Martha, who worked all the harder for being asked not to, and was secretly pleased with Margaret's solicitude, "I'm a goin' to bring you up some chicken broth; your mother's had some, and she likes it. It's prairie chicken, and the broth's good, and I'll fry you some of the meat, if you'll eat it."

"I know your broth is good," smiled the sick girl, "and I shall like a little, but I do not want the fry; and, Martha, when you come back, I am going to make you sit down in that chair and not move until I have finished eating."

"He! he!" tittered Martha, her pleasure outshining the good nature in her face, "and I expect you'd take all the afternoon to eat it. No, you don't ketch me restin' till my work's done. I ain't tired!"

So Martha clattered down-stairs, with light heart, though heavy shoes, and the invalid turned her face to watch the dull square of prairie her window gave her. Suddenly a horse neighed, and directly across the dull square he carried his rider, a large man, with abundant whiskers.

"Dear me!" thought Margaret wearily, "I hope it isn't one of those cattle-buyers again. He will certainly work father up into a high fever."

She heard the stranger, after a little space, knock at the door; but she heard also her mother utter a little cry that shot through her

nerves, and shook her brain from its lethargy to the keenest sensibility.

She bent forward and listened, living a longer time in that suspense, so far as activity of the mind is concerned, than the last three months had seemed.

She was not trembling with surprise, therefore, but rather with the effort of self-control, when, through the gap in the curtains that her handmaid had left, she saw Walter Chevelier's head and shoulders appearing up the stairs.

Margaret tried to rise, but he put her gently back, and kissed reverently the white fingers she gave him. He then placed a chair for himself near her.

"You do not know how it pains me to find you thus," he said, turning his dark, tender eyes upon her.

Margaret curtained her own from their glance. "I must not let him see how utterly weak I am," she thought. "Though if he knew, he would be too generous to use his power. He was always noble."

"I shall soon be well again," she replied. "You see I am obliged to make haste in my recovery, for father and mother need me so much. You are making the tour of America?"

"Yes, and I could not forbear intruding on my old friends."

"You are heartily welcome, Mr. Chevelier, as my mother has no doubt assured you." ("I will give him my room, and I will go down to the settee," decided the provident little maiden, noiselessly.) "And now, what tidings for exiles do you bring from England?"

"I have not seen England since I last saw you?" replied the gentleman.

Margaret looked up in astonishment.

"Circumstances were such that I have not found it necessary to visit England for nearly three years."

"It was nearly three years ago that father was obliged to emigrate," said Margaret innocently.

"I am afraid these years have told on my parents."

"I do not think," said Mr. Chevelier, "that Mrs. Amyrillis is nearly as much changed as you are, Miss Margaret."

The woman in her overmastered the woman. Pain at the loss of his admiration throttled fear that he should learn her secret; she lifted her suffering eyes with a look that made this man's next words decided.

"I have something to confide to you, my old playmate. I have found a wife."

Now the climax of all Margaret Amyrillis's trials was reached. She turned cold as stone.

Some women will understand what a volcano surged beneath her immovable crust. For, true to feminine instincts, she gave him such a calm and frank "I am glad, for you must be happy," and such a decidedly platonic touch from her cold hand, that he was disconcerted, but clung to the remembrance of that look.

"Is she beautiful?" asked Margaret, with brilliant spots springing to her cheeks; "and will you return to England after your marriage?"

"She is very beautiful," replied the gentleman reverently; "and whether we return to England will, of course, depend entirely upon herself."

"Oh! she is an Eastern lady, then? And of high rank, is she not?"

"Yes, she wears a coronet."

"Ah! I am glad you will have such a position," said Margaret, her eyes sparkling softly.

"It will be a fine thing for me, who have three great brothers between myself and the paternal estates," laughed Mr. Chevelier. "I am glad it pleases you, too. Everybody loves the lady I have chosen."

"But you haven't told me her name," said the young sufferer, leaning her weary cheek against her chair.

"It is—my little lamb! my Marguerite! my little, patient saint, whom I have sought so far and found so worthy!"

The reader, who cannot see the pantomime in an author's brain, is respectfully informed that during this rhapsody Mr. Walter Chevelier held Miss Margaret Amyrillis in his arms, where she found herself, with her midnight world inverted and turned to the sun a great deal quicker than such changes occur in Nature.

"But you said," trembled Margaret, almost absorbed into him, so closely did the ardent lover hold his little saint, "that she—had—a coronet!"

"And so she has," replied Walter, resting one hand around her bright head. "I have learned that every eye on this prairie sees a halo of goodness around her forehead."

"But they love me—they are partial—they are my friends," sobbed Margaret, quivering with excitement.

"And whom do we want to have partial to us but friends we love?" asked Walter, with a great deal of accompaniment of look and lip-pressure.

Martha's head appeared on the stairs at that instant, and was suddenly bobbed almost into the bowl she carried. The careful and busy damsel went tittering down. "That's 'nuff

sight better for her than chicken-broth," she announced to the slighted bowl, tittering over its very face as she set it on a cupboard shelf.

Do you see the picture? Do you imagine the rapture of heart melting purely into heart?

But I say reverently that this is not worthy to be a figure of the joy that shall crown those who do well in faith, when they are passed behind the Veil!

FALSE HAIR AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE Greek, Egyptian, Carthaginian, and Roman ladies, more than twenty-five centuries ago, made use of the most extravagant quantities of borrowed hair, and they wound it into large protuberances upon the back of their heads, and to keep it in place used "hair-pins" of precisely the form in use at the present time. The Roman women of the time of Augustus were especially pleased when they could outdo their rivals in piling upon their heads the highest tower of borrowed locks. They also arranged rows of curls formally around the sides of the head, and often the very fashionable damsels would have pendent curls in addition. An extensive commerce was carried on in hair; and after the conquest of Gaul, blonde hair, such as was grown upon the heads of German girls, became fashionable at Rome, and many a poor child of the forests upon the banks of the Rhine parted with her locks to adorn the wives and daughters of the proud conquerors. The great Cæsar, indeed, in a most cruel manner, cut off the hair of the vanquished Gauls and sent it to the Roman market for sale, and the cropped head was regarded in the conquered provinces as a badge of slavery. To such a pitch of absurd extravagance did the Roman ladies at one time carry the business of adorning the hair, that upon the introduction of Christianity, in the first and second centuries, the apostles and fathers of the church launched severe invectives against the vanity and frivolity of the practice. It must be confessed, the ancient ladies did outdo their modern sisters. The artistic, professional hair-dressers of old Rome were employed at exorbitant prices to form the hair into fanciful devices, such as harps, diadems, wreaths, emblems of public temples, and conquered cities, or to plait it into an incredible number of tresses, which were often lengthened by ribbons so as to reach to the feet, and loaded with pearls and clasps of gold.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

DRESSMAKING AS A BUSINESS.

THE question of woman's work is one of **I** paramount interest, not only as immediately concerning one half the human race, but as affecting seriously the interests and comforts of the other.

Long usage has restricted the field of woman's labor within somewhat narrow limits, while society has looked askance at such as have sought to go beyond the established boundary. The household, with all that pertains to it, has been given over to her care. Needlework is considered her especial employment, except in the department in which the tailor has taken her place. Teaching is the third and last feminine resource for earning a livelihood, though, as a general rule, only the inferior grades of this have been delegated to her.

Thus we find three, and only three, branches of labor to which women may turn with perfect "propriety"—teaching, sewing, and housekeeping—while the choice of employment allowed the other sex is far wider—in fact, limitless. If a man finds his education, tastes, and inclinations do not fit him or lead him to enter the school-room, or conduct him to a professor's chair; if the work of a tailor is too confining, or if he take no delight in farm-life, and cannot be made to view sawing wood, felling trees, hoeing, ploughing, and driving oxen, as conducive to the highest moral and intellectual status of which he is capable, he has still the world before him, a hundred diverse occupations to choose from, and no one to blame him or accuse him of unreasonableness. But a woman—God help her!—if she cannot teach, must sew; if sewing is killing her by inches, then let her go into the kitchen and revel in its delights amid pots and kettles—learn the mysteries of the stew-pan, and gain a glow of color, which may pass for health, over the cooking-stove and the ironing-board. But she may not want this either! How unreasonable! What will she have? Alas! there is nothing further; one of these she *must* do—so decrees Mrs. Grundy; and it is not a question which she prefers, which she is best qualified to do, mentally and physically, but which is the least re-

pulsive—the most endurable—followed as a life-long occupation.

Now, do not let my readers misunderstand me as sneering at these employments. They are very well in their way; and there are some women who are never so much at home as in the school-room, to whom it no doubt seems a sort of mimic empire, in which they reign absolute sovereigns; others who are born housekeepers, at whose mere approach dirt and confusion seem to vanish, and the work to do itself in some incomprehensible manner; others whose fingers, having been endowed with special gifts by some good fairy, can perform marvels of beauty and rapidity with the needle.

But the teacher is not necessarily a housekeeper, nor the housekeeper a natural seamstress; nor do I believe it impossible that there may be very good, very wise, very sensible, and not at all unreasonable women who must look for their vocation elsewhere, unless they would have their lives a constant weariness to themselves, a disappointment to their friends, and, from first to last, a failure. But, however much I would like to aid them in the search after their life duties, it is not my present intention to go far with them. Taking the world as I find it to-day, I wish to look at the recognized employments of women, and see if they make as much of them—make as much of themselves in them—as they might and ought to do.

The question first suggested itself to my mind a few months since, upon seeing a paragraph going the rounds of the papers, published as triumphantly as though a Daniel had come to judgment, and had settled the matter of woman's work and woman's wages at once and forever.

The paragraph was to the effect that, while there was such an agitation of the question of a more extended sphere of labor for women, that their present vocations were not half filled. It cited dressmaking as an example, and stated that while a good dressmaker received from one dollar and a half to three dollars per day, the supply was not equal to the demand. It therefore advised all women to become dressmakers forthwith, and think no further of turning printers, editors, lawyers, lecturers, tele-

graph operators, etc., etc. This paragraph created a temporary sensation in the newspaper world, and various and conflicting were the comments and conclusions. But all treated the matter more or less superficially; none seemed to probe it to the bottom, and discover why women should, or why they should not, all become dressmakers. One had a forlorn story to tell of young girls going into a decline from too close and too long application at sewing in over-crowded rooms, under the supervision of sordid and heartless taskmistresses, and of women starving in garrets on the pittance which the needle earned them. Another felt certain it was only idleness or a desire for notoriety which caused women to avoid their acknowledged paths of industry, and seek out untrodden ones. And so on.

Feeling it to be too serious a subject to be passed over lightly, if any amount of close investigation could arrive at the truth, I have made it an affair of long and earnest study. I began, I must confess, with certain theories of my own, which were, most of them, gradually swept away.

First, there is an indisputable fact for the grand starting-point: A competent dressmaker, who goes from house to house, can always command good wages, nearly, if not quite, equal to those of a man; while the mistress of an establishment, if she be capable, and possessed of good business facilities, is on the road to comparative affluence.

There is only one inference: as a rule—to which, of course, there may be exceptions, as there are to all rules—those who starve in garrets, and cannot make their needles supply them with the necessities of life, are, unquestionably, poor seamstresses.

But while every year hundreds of young girls set out to learn the dressmaking business, how is it that we find so few really competent workwomen?

The answer is a long one, and it involves so many other questions, that it is difficult to go back to the beginning. My first impulse is to say it is the fault of the girls themselves; my second thought, that to their parents and friends the blame must be imputed; then reflection convinces me that society must be held responsible.

To go back to the beginning: Girls, from their earliest youth, in books, in schools, by their parents, their instructors, and by society at large, are trained to look upon marriage as their one certain and absorbing occupation in life. The fact is entirely overlooked that every

year the number of women who remain unmarried becomes proportionately larger. This training is not always direct, but its effect is felt all the same, until the young girl is as firmly settled in her convictions respecting the certainty of her future husband and home, as she can be of anything concerning her future. Whatever goes to fill up the interval of time preceding marriage, is regarded as merely a temporary occupation, to which she does not imagine herself required to devote her entire thoughts and energies. You might as well expect a boy of eighteen to strive to perfect himself in a trade, assuring him that at some indefinite period, at the end of a few years at farthest, but which may arrive at any time, he will be relieved from its performance, and promoted to a position which the thorough or imperfect learning of his trade cannot affect in the least, and which he has been taught to consider as the acme of human happiness. Say to him: "You are shortly to be called to the Presidency of the United States; meantime, as you ought not to remain in idleness, and as you really need a little spending money, you had better occupy your leisure of waiting in learning to make shoes, or in hoeing corn." It is not at all likely, after such an address, that he will be ambitious that the shoes he makes shall be found models of perfect workmanship, or that he will mind if there are here and there a few weeds left standing in the cornfield. But this is in substance what the mother says to her daughter—what society says to the young girl; only some feminine employment is substituted for the masculine ones, and marriage is the promised blessing. No girl, viewing an employment in this light, can enter with her whole heart into it, and bring into play her best efforts and best energies. Her mind is constantly taken up with plans and speculations having reference to the future, and the present is not to be improved—only to be got through with in the easiest and least troublesome manner possible.

I know I am writing no new thing; this ground has been gone over many times. But it must be "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" first to get people to hear, then to make them believe.

No one can do her best, can even do well, in any employment, unless she accept it as her life-work. Nothing is worth learning for less than that; and though circumstances, in the cases of both men and woman (though, perhaps, with the latter more frequently than with the former), may sometimes allow or compel

them to relinquish it, there is still every argument in favor of its being so received; not one against. The business will be better learned, and there will be more satisfaction in its performance; and if in after years it has to be returned to, it will stand in good stead, while a half-learned, carelessly performed trade will fail one utterly.

How do men learn a life-occupation? At the proper age they are apprenticed to some master, and are content, for three, five, or seven years, as the case may be, to receive apprentice's wages, meanwhile frequently performing, after the first rudiments of their trade are mastered, the full labor of a man. But men see no injustice in this, nor is there any. In six months or a year, an apprentice may, perhaps, acquire the main features of his trade; but every good workman in every branch of business knows that it requires years of faithfulness and earnest effort to become thoroughly grounded in all the delicate minutiae of any business—the apparently unimportant details—the knowledge of which is so absolutely essential to a skilled mechanic, and which entitles him to and will secure for him the best of wages. So the young laborer works patiently on through the years of his apprenticeship, content to make an apparent sacrifice of the present for a certain good in the future.

How is it with the young woman? She serves a six months' apprenticeship with a dressmaker, beginning not unfrequently in comparative ignorance of the plainest of sewing, so that much of her time is lost in mastering the rudiments, which ought to have been familiar to her before she entered the work-room. At the end of six months, she has learned how to sew a straight seam, can put a dress body together if it is properly cut out and basted, and, if she be quick and ready with eye and needle, can, when the pattern is plainly indicated, put on a fold or a ruffle. At the expiration of her so-called apprenticeship, she is astonished and indignant that she is refused the wages paid to the experienced hands who have worked years in the establishment, and whom the mistress can trust as implicitly as herself.

"I'll be ather lavin' ye," says Miss Bridget, who, six months before, scarcely knew the use of a needle at all, but who now demands eight or ten dollars per week. "Lave away," says her employer. So Bridget leaves, and hangs out a sign for herself of "Fashionable Dressmaking," and has possible thoughts of rivalry with her former mistress. Of course, she does not

succeed, any more than would the young carpenter of six months' experience, who should set up for an architect or a master builder. She gradually finds her level in the sewing-world, if she has ever got above it; and some day she serves as an excellent example to point some argument on the subject of the pitiful earnings of women.

Dressmaking, carried to perfection, is an art, in the same manner, if not in the same degree, as painting, sculpture, and architecture are arts. There are few women who can ever attain to perfect excellence in it, any more than can the majority of men in the arts mentioned. There is scarcely a faculty of the painter or the sculptor that is not required in the dressmaker; and, in addition, other qualifications not possessed by every one are needed. Yet, though the mass may not hope to reach perfection in this business, still many women, who have already, before they set out to learn it, consulted their tastes and inclinations, faculties and abilities, may become sufficiently proficient in it to meet the general requirements, and to secure to themselves a sure and sufficient livelihood. But no woman, even the most gifted, and with her whole heart in the matter, can hope to acquire this knowledge in the short space of six months. And if a girl cannot work patiently, after the expiration of her nominal apprenticeship, submitting herself to guidance, seeking information in all departments of her profession, and never neglecting an opportunity for adding to her store of knowledge concerning it, meanwhile content with less wages than a practised hand, the probability is that at the end of years she is still not worth the increased pay, and never will be.

I believe one great secret of the inferior wages of women can be discovered in this very fact. It is a rule in all departments of business, that that which is easiest learned commands the least pay. A woman assumes that she learns her trade in six months, and she has no right to complain if wages are paid her in proportion. Let her lengthen the period of her apprenticeship to three or five years, and as she raises the standard of her own labor, the standard of her wages will increase proportionately. Those who are now in receipt of liberal pay have virtually done this thing. They bring full knowledge and experience, acquired by long practice, as an equivalent for what they receive, and their wages compare favorably with those in most branches of masculine industry. Women should be required, not merely advised, to reach this standard,

when good seamstresses will be plentier, and the unfortunates more seldom referred to.

Another grievous fault is, the unreliability of women. I have tried to disbelieve it; to argue it away; have felt almost inclined to slur it over. But it stands out so palpably it will not be overlooked. A sewing-girl, working under an employer, seldom, if ever, remembers that her time is not her own. If she wishes a day, or a half day, no matter what the emergencies of business, she has no hesitation in taking it—too often without giving the slightest warning.

John Stuart Mill, in his recent excellent work, entitled "The Subjection of Women," says so truly:—"Independently of the regular offices of life which devolve upon a woman, she is expected to have her time and faculties always at the disposal of everybody. If a man has not a profession to exempt him from such demands, still, if he has a pursuit, he offends nobody by devoting his time to it; occupation is received as a valid excuse for his not answering to every casual demand which may be made on him. Are a woman's occupations, especially her chosen and voluntary ones, ever regarded as excusing her from any of what are termed the calls of society? Scarcely are her most necessary and recognized duties allowed as an exemption. It requires an illness in the family, or something else out of the common way, to entitle her to give her own business the precedence over other people's amusements. She must always be at the beck and call of somebody, generally of everybody. If she has a study or a pursuit, she must snatch any short interval which accidentally occurs to be employed in it. A celebrated woman, in a work which I hope will some day be published, remarks truly that 'everything a woman does is done at odd times.'"

We admit this quotation is not directly applicable to the case of the sewing-girl, yet in it is struck the key-note of the whole difficulty. While a man's hours of labor are considered sacred, a woman's never are—by others no more than herself. Not only should she regard them so, but those with whom she is associated, in all social and domestic relations, should have the same lesson impressed upon their minds. As it is, if she boards, she is required to have the care of her room—a care which is never imposed upon a man. If she lives at home, she must bear her share of the burden of family cares, while, perchance, her brother, who is expected to go to his labor no earlier than herself, and to return at the same

hour, is relieved from the discharge of all home duties. She must cook, must sweep and dust, make beds, do her share of the family mending, and relieve her mother, to a certain extent, during the hours she is at home, of the care of the younger children; and if there is a washing to do, and if it cannot be got through with before work hours, she must remain until it is finished, or, perchance, absent herself the whole day. Even if she take her accustomed place in the sewing-room at the usual hour, she is often wearied and jaded, and totally unfit for her labors, and her employer, who pays for her best efforts, is defrauded.

Having found that she can remain at home with impunity when outside work makes demands upon her time, it is but a step further in the same direction—while the principle is exactly the same—to now and then remain away from labor for purposes of amusement and recreation.

This cannot well be remedied by the employer, who is, as one might say, at the mercy of her employees. During the busy seasons, which number eight months in the year, the demand for sewing-girls exceeds the supply. Work must be done, and done promptly; and if competent, reliable hands are not to be found, a certain sort of dependence must be placed on inferior and unreliable workwomen, greatly to the annoyance of the employer, who finds it out of her power to do otherwise. She may threaten to discharge, but if she carry out her threat, it is at the cost of serious inconvenience to herself, and the delinquent, knowing this, repeats her offence as often as she likes, without check or hindrance.

Let parents look to this. Let them place the working son and the working daughter on the same footing, and require no more from one than from the other. Let them impress upon the latter, as the universally recognized laws of society and business have already taught the former, that a contract is sacred, and cannot be broken, or even temporarily violated, by either party with impunity; that if days for rest, recreation, or outside labor, are actually necessary, they must be chosen at a time that will least interfere with the convenience of the employer, and never taken without her fore-knowledge and consent.

It is folly to say that women cannot learn these things. No one has ever tried to teach them this, taking them as a class; and while the young girl has been so thoroughly impressed with the idea that, with a woman, affairs of a domestic nature should supersede

all others, it is not strange that, laboring under this belief, she should occasionally neglect for these that which she has never been taught to look upon as the serious business of her life.

There is one phase of the dressmaking business which it will not do to overlook, and that is, its effect upon the health. The confinement incident to it may, in certain constitutions, engender disease. To those who find they cannot endure it, I have but three words of advice: Do not try. But most girls of ordinary health will find, after the first few days or weeks of trial, that it is not so unbearable as many would have them think. Writers on this subject are apt to confound affairs in this country with those in England. It is beyond dispute that these sewing-girls are compelled to work an unwarrantable number of hours, and that many succumb under the hardships of their lot. But here the ten-hour rule is, I have been informed, carried into universal practice. The sewing-girl comes to her place of labor at seven or eight in the morning, can take exercise during her noon hour, if she desire it, and is allowed to depart at six in the evening. The working-rooms may sometimes be crowded and illy ventilated; but this is due more to a general ignorance of the laws of health on the part of both employer and employed, than to any fault which should attach itself to sewing, more particularly than to other employments. I do not think any girl of ordinary endurance, who takes proper care of herself in other matters, and out of work-hours, will find her health suffering in this employment more than it is likely to in many others.

So far I have referred only to dressmaking in its city aspect. There are numerous dressmakers all through our towns and villages, whose earnings, though, perhaps, not entirely unsatisfactory, are not what they should be. They labor hard, and frequently unassisted, and whether their work is done at their own homes, or at the houses of their patrons, consider they are well paid if they make a dollar a day. It cannot be hinted that any modesty in regard to charges is the characteristic failing of our fashionable city dressmakers, but our country dressmakers are as moderate as their city sisters are exorbitant. As the fashions now are, the greatest labor of the dress is really bestowed upon the garniture, and the advance in prices should be in proportion. But the country dressmaker hesitates and stands in doubt whether she shall charge five dollars even for what in the doing is well worth ten dollars. If the lady patrons were charged to the full

value for the work done for them, they would, undoubtedly, be highly indignant. Yet, let one of them try to complete, in all its details, a fashionable suit, and see if she is not satisfied before she is done that her dressmaker fully earns her money. She will find that it would be easier to make two or three plain, untrimmed dresses; yet she expects to get her panned, ruffled, flounced, caped, and elaborately trimmed dress completed for an advance of about one half on former rates. If ladies are not willing to pay the full value for this increase of work, they should either resolve to perform the extra labor themselves, or else ignore the fashions altogether. No people have any right to enjoy what they cannot or will not pay for. And dressmakers should be firm on this point. The matter of charges lies almost completely in their hands, and it not infrequently happens that those whose charges are the highest, have the best run of custom. They must say: "I will make your dress plainly for so much; and for all additional work I must be paid according to the trouble taken, and the time spent." This would be only justice to both parties—to the one that performs the labor, in securing her adequate compensation, and to the employer no less, enabling her to have a full comprehension of what she requires done. The charges of country dressmakers need not, and should not, be the same as of those belonging to the city. The requirements from them are usually more simple. They are not so often called upon to assume the responsibility of the making up of costly material; the modiste has not the same advantages for studying prevailing modes, nor is fashion so imperious in her demands; and the expenses of rent and living are usually far less in the country than in the city.

But can every woman become a dressmaker, as one wise newspaper critic would have us believe? Certainly not. There are women who might labor with the utmost conscientiousness and zeal, and yet, at the end of the years, any one who knew them would hesitate to trust valuable material in their hands. Labor, study, energy, and perseverance are invaluable aids in the acquirement of knowledge; but they are only aids, and if the capacity be wanting, they count for very little. There is an almost universal rule that can be applied, by either men or women, in the selection of a vocation. If they are peculiarly fitted by nature for any occupation, their tastes and inclinations lead them that way, and should be regarded as the sole arbiters in the matter. If they feel a repug-

nance, or even have no special liking for any particular branch of business, we may be certain that, though they may be forced into it, and even acquire a certain skill in it, they can never become superior workmen or work-women.

Thus, if you see your little daughter handy at an early age in the use of scissors, needle, and thimble, copying for her doll, with curious fidelity, the fashions of the day, and taking delight in muslins, velvets, and laces, set her down as a natural-born milliner or dressmaker; and, while you do not force her into the path, see that all obstructions are removed from it, and she will follow it as readily as though it were the pleasure instead of the duty of life to earn her living. If, on the other hand, she is awkward and clumsy, always calling on some one else for assistance and advice, never daring to undertake the cutting out of a garment without a *bona fide* paper pattern, and then making all sorts of mistakes and misfits, resolve that her blunders with needle and scissors shall be confined to the circle of her own family, and never send her out into the world to spoil other people's goods. Depend upon it, there is something given her to do, but that something is not dressmaking; and you turn into a wrong channel the whole current of her existence, and add another name to the unfortunate list of those who are to "struggle" through life, if you insist that it shall be so. Watch closely for her ruling passion, and if it be a reasonable and right one, gratify it. Do not be too shocked if she should happen to find her vocation outside the mystic three set down as woman's appropriate employments. But of this, more anon.

No; women could not and should not, cannot and will not, all be dressmakers, though there might, and ought to be, more and better ones than there are; and if each individual, and society in the aggregate, will go about in the right way to teach women what their duties are, or, as Mr. Mill would have it, remove all restrictions, and let them find out their capabilities for themselves, it is possible that in the next generation there may be less complaint of the exorbitant few, and the starving many, in the business.

KING JAMES I. was once entreated by his old nurse to make her son a gentleman. "Nae, nae, nurse," was the reply of the British Solomon; "I'll mak' him a lord an ye wull, but it is beyond my power to mak' him a gentleman."

SOME OTHER TIME.

BY A. B. D.—.

SOME other time, we softly say;
Our words are touched with hopeful trust,
And dreams, long hidden from the day,
Rise up again, as such dreams must;
For dreams as sweet as those we know,
Can never die, though care may hide;
As daisies nestle under snow,
They wait the spring's effulgent tide.

Some other day, we whisper o'er;
Sweet hope lifts up her face again,
And strong in their glad trust, once more
Our hearts repeat the sweet refrain.
Some other time! We dare not look
To see how far away it is,
But wait, and sing of coming days,
In low and hopeful cadencies.

Oh! hasten, time. We wait, and say,
To-morrow will most surely bring
The glad, the sweet, the longed-for day,
But doubt is with us while we sing;
So many morrows come and go,
Nor bring the time we dream about.
Ah! well. Some other time, I know
I shall be done with fear and doubt;
For hope is whispering in my breast—
"Be patient, 'tis not far away!"
Well, I will sit me down, and rest,
And dream about the coming day.

SHROUDED.

BY EMMA M. CASS.

TOUCH her very tenderly—
Let her last earth-vestments be
Meet for one as pure as she.

Bring the new-born violet,
With the night's cool kisses wet—
Weave a leafy coronet,

For her curls—the goldenest,
Death's harsh fingers ever prest;
Oh! 'twill make a fitting crest.

For a soul so whitely shriven,
Never yet from earth was riven—
Never entered God's dear heaven!

Lo! she lies all fair and stilly,
Where the winds come sweeping chilly—
Pale as any water-lily.

So much loveliness, you say,
Hidden in the grave away—
Mouldering back to loathsome clay!

Make her grave out in the clover—
Let the willow—tenderest lover!—
Drop its sorrowing boughs above her.

CHARADE.

BLUEBEARD—IN THREE SCENES.

Characters:

COUNT DE BARBE BLEU.
MADAME MÈRE.

SISTER ANN.
FATIMA.

SCENE I.—BLUE.

SCENE—*A cottage parlor plainly furnished. Sister Ann seated at a small table spread with M^s, pens, inkstand, &c.* [Enter Fatima.

FATIMA.

What are you doing, sister, seated here,
With frowning brow and pen behind your ear—
Dishevelled locks and wildly rolling eye,
As if you had the toothache on the sly?
Is it the bonbons that you ate to-day?
Or something in the literary way?
Perhaps 'tis love—though really I don't know
Where in this stupid place you've found a beau!
Ma bought it for a sweet, retired nook,
Where nought could draw one from their work or book,

And just for once the bill of sale was true,
It's so retired I don't know what to do!
There's not a masculine within five miles
On whom to practise e'en the simplest wiles!
No one for whom to friz or curl one's tresses,
To pinch one's cheeks, or wear one's pretty dresses.
Oh! dear, I think I'd really be in cloyer
If I could scare up only just *one* lover.

SISTER ANN.

There, child! Do cease that stream of silly prattle,
You quite distract me with your endless rattle;
I'm not to be disturbed, I'd have you know, sis,
I'm corresponding now with the Sorosis!
I have no time to waste in silly sighs
For beaus and lovers—I am far too wise!
I have a mission to my sex benighted,
To make them wiser, better, more enlightened—
In short, to elevate their general tone!
So pray shut up, and let me be alone!

FATIMA.

Well, really, miss, in face of such low rating
I might suggest *you* needed elevating!
A mission to your sex! Oh! what a bother!
I think I've got a mission to the other!
I feel within my I reast the power to do 'em
Such lots of good—dear fellows!—if I knew 'em!
To soothe their sorrows, charm their griefs away—
Oh! dear, if Fate *would* send a few this way!
'Tis surely wrong, when one's an inward calling,
To pay no heed to its continual bawling!
One ought to *use* one's talents—that is clear;
But how can I use *mine*, imprisoned here?
To make man better I've a wondrous plan,
And long to try it—but, ah! where's the man?

ANN.

Still harping on that theme? I wish you'd drop it!

(26)

Your noise annoys me, so be pleased to stop it.
This manuscript requires my whole attention—
A memorandum for our great Convention,
Suggesting that the next improvement made is,
All public offices be filled by ladies!
And that the matter be conducted fair,
One placed at once within the Royal Chair!

FATIMA.

Good gracious, Ann, you're surely lost your reason!
First thing you know you'll be arraigned for treason,
Sentenced to spend your life in prison cell—
Then where's your chance of ever *marrying well*?
Or mine—in such a very odd position,
The sister of a crazy politician?

ANN.

I like your impudence to call *me* crazy!
'Tis wondrous sane to be both pert and lazy!
To think of nothing but your pretty features,
Or odious men—the nasty, hateful creatures!—
Who only live to make our sex their slaves,
To drive them, cowering, to untimely graves!
Who romp around like lions for their prey,
Seeking their guiltless victims day by day,
Just to devour—

FATIMA.

Good gracious! That will do.
Don't be so fierce—there's no one after you!
With such a countenance and such an air,
The boldest lion you would surely scare!
Besides, you have a charm to keep at bay
The fiercest prowler that could come this way.
'Tis plain none would molest you, if they knew
Your *temper* and your *stockings*, both, were *blue*.
But here comes ma—and, see, she holds a paper.
Something is up! I'll really cut a caper
Of wild delight, if it's an invitation,
Or anything to break this sad stagnation.

[Enter Madame Mère, with open letter.

MADAME MÈRE.

Well, Ann! well, Fatty! I have news for you!
So strange a thing I can't believe it true!
I've rubbed my eyes until I've made them weep,
Feeling I really must be half asleep.
Guess who has written me—and what he states!

FATIMA.

Hie! 'Tis a man, then! my heart palpitates!
Is it some youth with system out of order,
Wants you to take him as a summer boarder?

ANN.

No doubt 'tis something from our last Convention,
Giving my papers "honorable mention!"
Do tell us, mother!

FATIMA.

Yes, dear mammie, do!
Patting her cheeks.

MADAME.

Ah Fatty! you've a coaxing way with you!
I'll tell you, dears—you're both of you concerned,
I know you'll be astonished when you've learned!
You know the count whose treasures' wondrous
board,

Through all the land has spread his fame abroad—
Who has more wealth than "any other man,"
Throughout the world, from Jersey to Japan—
Whose stately castle on yon mountain's side
Has been, for ages, all our duchy's pride!
Well! this great nabob—strange it is to say—
Has seen you both in some mysterious way,
And writes to me—as certainly he oughter,
To ask the hand of my "most lovely daughter."

FATIMA.

That's me, of course!

ANN.

Indeed, of course, it aint!
You'd really try the patience of a saint,
You silly thing! Of course, he's heard of me,
When the Sorosis had him in to tea.

FATIMA.

Heard of you, did he? Heard no good, I'll
bet!

MADAME.

There! don't be getting in a rage, my pet.
Your rival claims he'll settle very soon,
He's coming *here* to tea, this afternoon.

FATIMA.

Coming to tea! Good gracious! What a stew
I'm in! I've all my waterfall to do—
My hair to friz—my dress to take a stitch in—
The curling-tongs to hunt down in the kitchen!
If I can't find them I shall look so queer—
So come and help me, mammie—that's a dear!

[*Exit dragging off her mother.*]

ANN.

Perhaps 'twere better that I, too, prepare,
Don other robes and smooth my tangled hair.
For though external charms can ne'er prevail,
With sense and learning in the other scale—
And though, in abstract, I his sex despise,
And look at them with cold and scornful eyes—
And though I've heard some rumors rather queer,
Of how he marries just one wife a year,
And when he wearies of her tender kissing,
Some morn the artless creature "turns up, miss-
ing."

To be a countess is a tempting thing,
With countless treasures at one's ordering.
And what's the use of my superior sense,
If I can't use it in my own defence?
A match for one poor pitiable man?
Of course, I am!—I'll catch him if I can,
Make myself mistress of his house and land,
Then use his wealth to aid our woman's plans,
And if he tries his "little game" again,
He'll find that *two* can play it, now and then!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—BEARD.

SCENE—*Same as last. The three ladies seated in
stiff attitudes, richly dressed, Fatima in exagger-
ated style.*

FATIMA.

'Tis five o'clock—I wonder he don't come.
My heart is beating like a muffled drum.
My hair's so tight I cannot shut my eyes;
I'll have to wear a look of sweet surprise—
A gushin', girlish, and unconscious air!
Pray, Sister Ann, what are you muttering there?

ANN.

Nothing, Miss Pert, that you could understand;
I have so many ideas at command,
I thought it best to have a few collected
To offer him, "original and selected."

FATIMA.

Now, Ann! You *really* don't intend to bore him,
And all your oddities to set before him?
You'll scare the man!

ANN.

What with your frills and bows,
You'd scare not only men, but carrion crows.

MADAME.

Now, Ann! now, Fatty! Don't begin to wrangle,
You'll drive me crazy with this constant jangle!
It's quite unchristian—and it don't look well,
And—goodness gracious! wasn't that the bell?

FATIMA.

It was! Oh! dear. It took me unawares!
And now I hear him coming up the stairs!
*The door is thrown open and a footman announces
"The Count de Barbe Blue!"* [*Enter Count.*
*The ladies all rise and greet him with very low
courtesies, which he returns by numerous bows. Fa-
tima, after a glance at him, shrinks back.*

MADAME.

Welcome, your highness, to our humble dwelling,
Your condescension sets our bosoms swelling
With warmest gratitude! If I'm allowed
To use a vulgar phrase, "you do us proud!"

COUNT.

Madame, indeed, the favor's all your own.
You really wound me by this humble tone.
In fact, I think I'd hit it to a peg,
To say, "the boot is on the other leg."
These are your daughters—charming, beauteous
creatures!

MADAME.

Your highness flatters! They have so-so features,
Tolerable figures—skins quite good enough,
But *beauty*!—ah! your highness means to puff.

COUNT.

Nay—on my soul! And just to prove it true,
Allow me to state that they resemble *you*!

MADAME (*simpering*).

Well! really, now.

COUNT (*turning to Ann*).

And not unknown to Fame,
If I mistake not, is this maiden's name,
Methinks I read it on the list of those

Sworn to do battle to their sex's foes.
Amid that constellation none shone brighter,
As Sorosister and as Woman's Righter.

ANN (*exultingly*).

I told you so! Your highness gives, no doubt,
Your name's great influence all our foes to rout?
You're with us?—are you not?

COUNT.

Believe me—to the end!

(Which comes, my duck, as soon as you offend.)
The question's settled—pray, don't let us vex it
(Or else 'twill drive me to a speedy exit).

Turning to Fatima, who edges away from him.

Fair maid, whose beauty, shining from afar,
Beams on my sight like some effulgent star,
Why do you tremble in such seeming fright?
Why from my presence would you fain take flight?

FATIMA (*shrinking to the other side of her mother*).
O mammie! help me! I'm awful skeered!
I never, never dreamed of such a beard!
You know, although I am so fond of dash,
I can't abide the sight of a mustache.
A pair of whiskers sets my flesh a crawling—
And such a beard!—oh! dear—it is appalling!
My heart to love him it is no use tasking.
I won't accept him.

COUNT.

Better wait for asking.

MADAME.

You foolish girl! You've ruined all your chances;
Don't sacrifice your fortune to your fancies!
Pray, count, excuse her—she's a silly child—
Frank and good-tempered, though a little wild;
Speaks out her mind, whatever may betide,
A fault, you'll own, that leans to virtue's side.

COUNT.

Ah! yes. Such failings one can scarce be hard on,
And—pretty dear!—her beauty wins her pardon.
I have the honor, madame, to demand
The priceless treasure of your daughter's hand—
Your youngest daughter.

FATIMA.

O dear mammie! no.

COUNT.

Hear me, before you answer, "Not for Joe!"
I ask no dowry but her precious self,
But will endow her with my hoarded pelf.
A hundred slaves shall be at her command,
And she shall reign the proudest in the land.
In silks and laces she her form shall deck,
And as for diamonds—she shall have a peck.
An opera-box—a ticket to each ball,
A seaside visit in the early fall;
A dozen castles for her dainty choosing,
And every comfort for her constant using.
In short, her life shall be an earthly heaven,
If she'll consent to be my number 7.
I'll promise, too, to share when we are wed,
(Perhaps my beard—most probably her head!)

MADAME (*aside to Fatima*).

My darling Fatima, you must hear reason!
Just think—'twould be the wedding of the season!
Nothing could be more splendid than his proffer—
You'll never have another such an offer.
Say yes—of course, I do not wish to force you;
And in your wishes I shall never cross you.
But if you *don't*—you stupid little fool,
To-morrow you pack off to boarding-school.

FATIMA.

Well, ma, your argument and his, combined,
Have half persuaded me to change my mind.

Hesitating.

ANN (*aside*).

If she refuses him, the chance is mine.
(*Aloud.*) You can't intend your freedom to resign?
And, Fatty, dear, you don't intend to leave us?
Just think, my pet, how very much 'twould grieve

us.

And, then, I'm sure you'd really die of fright—
To have that awful beard fore'er in sight.
Don't have him, Fat!

FATIMA.

Dear Nancy, "that's too thin!"

To miss such chances surely'd be a sin.
I know you wouldn't—not unless you *could*.
But as I have the offer—why, I *would*!
And so, your highness, pray, accept my hand.

COUNT.

My love, my life, my all's at your command!
And as I wish no shadow of delay,
Pray, name next Wednesday as our wedding-day.

FATIMA.

But my trousseau!

COUNT.

Never mind that! The dress
I'll order up from Paris by express.
The rest shall follow.

MADAME.

Your highness overpowers!

COUNT.

Suppose we take a stroll amid the flowers.
Offers his arm to madame and Ann, and leads them off.

FATIMA.

Well! all is settled, yet I'm not contented;
Already of my bargain I've repented.
To be a countess is all very fine,
And much I love in splendid robes to shine.
He offers me a thousand varied pleasures,
And makes me mistress of his countless treasures;

And yet—somehow—all other things being even,
I really don't like being—number 7.

I'm much afraid I'm in a dreadful fix—

I wonder what *did* all the other six!

I wonder if they choked—I shall, I'm sure—

That dreadful beard keeps sticking in my craw.

Goes out, wringing her hands.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—BLUEBEARD.

SCENE—A room in the count's palace, handsomely furnished. Enter sister, with waterproof over Turkish dress, carrying carpet-bag, bandbox, and umbrella.

ANN.

'Tis just two months since Fatima was wed,
And for this castle left our board and bed.
No doubt she had her fill of every pleasure,
Feastings and follies without stint or measure.
At any rate, it seems she's quite forgot
The whilom sharers of her humble lot,
For since the day when at the church I kissed her,
I've never heard from my ungrateful sister!
So, seeing poor mamma quite in the dumps,
And feeling mad myself, I've stirred my stumps,
Packed up my things, taken the earliest train,
And here I am, and here I shall remain.

Sound of weeping outside.

Why, here comes some one, sobbing fit to kill—
Some poor afflicted servant taken ill!

[Enter Fatima.]

What, Fatima!—his highness' happy wife?

FATIMA (*embracing her*).

I never was so glad in all my life!
You precious girl! you dear, strong-minded sis, you,
Put down your carpet-bag, and let me kiss you!
I'm sure some angel sent you here to save
Your little Fatty from an untimely grave.
Oh! dear; oh! dear; oh! dear.

ANN.

Why, highy tighty!

I really think you must be getting flighty!

FATIMA.

I've had an awful shock—you needn't doubt it!

ANN.

Come, let's sit down. Now, tell me all about it.
Are you not happy?

FATIMA.

Well, until to-day,
My time has sped quite blissfully away.
Sometimes, I own, I've trembled at the frown
His highness wore when he'd had news from town;
But there has been no serious cause for grief
Until this morn, when—oh! 'tis past belief!

ANN.

Go on! go on! What has this morn revealed?

FATIMA.

Something, alas! to keep my eyeballs peeled
Forevermore. Last night the count set forth
To settle up some business in the North,
And, ere he went, presented me his keys,
Saying, in his absence, I myself might please
By roaming through the castle at my will—
One room alone he must forbid me still,
For, if I entered it—I thought him joking—
It might subject me to a sudden choking!

ANN.

Of course, you entered it?

FATIMA.

Of course, I did!
Wouldn't any woman, if she were forbid?
I hardly waited till the morning's light
Before I oped the door. And what a sight
Think you I saw?

ANN.

Dear me! how should I know?

FATIMA.

His six wives' heads all hanging in a row!

ANN.

Horrible!

FATIMA.

Wasn't it? The dreadful man!
And now I'm in for it! Do help me, Ann!
When he returns, and finds that I've defied him,
He'll lose no time in hanging mine beside 'em!

ANN.

There! don't take on! The case, I see, is tightish,
But what's the use of being Woman's Rightish,
If you've not wit enough to plot and plan,
And get the better of the tyrant man?
I'll bring you safe through, Fatty—never fear.

FATIMA.

O Sister Ann! you are a blessed dear!
But hark! just then I thought I heard a hack!
Runs and looks out of the window or door.
Good heavens, Ann! the count is coming back.
What shall I do?

ANN.

Do nothing but receive him.

The key is stained with blood—you can't deceive him.

I'll steal away—seek some secluded spot,
And in ten minutes will mature a plot.
There! don't be scary. And don't look so blue!

[Exit in haste.]

FATIMA.

How can I help it, with such fate in view?
I'm all atremble! Wish I had Ann's pluck!
The monster's coming!

[Enter count.]

Welcome home, my duck!

What blessed fortune sends you back so soon?
I dared not hope for you till Monday noon.

COUNT.

I'm glad my coming pleases you so well!
The news I had turned out to be a sell,
Got up to make the Wall Street gudgeons bite.
Of course, I "couldn't see it in that light!"
So hastened back as fast as steamboat paddles
Could bring me—to my darling ducky-daddles!
Chuckling her under the chin.

FATIMA.

Won't you have lunch? What would your high-
ness please
To order?

COUNT.

Well—first place, I'll take my keys!

Fatima hands him the bunch, but keeps one concealed behind her.

Thanks, madame, thanks! But stay, though, what is this?

From off the bunch one key, methinks, I miss!

FATIMA (*handing it tremblingly*).

Here 'tis, my lord!

COUNT.

Woman, what means this stain?

Has then, indeed, my warning been in vain!

Sorry I am to seem at all inhuman,

But really I *can't* stand a curious woman.

And therefore it becomes my painful duty

To cut your head off! So prepare, my beauty!

Draws his sword, Fatima falls on her knees.

FATIMA.

Mercy, my lord!

COUNT.

I really cannot show it!

All pleading's useless—you had better stow it!

FATIMA.

Think of my mother—pity her gray hairs!

COUNT.

There's half a bottle of King's dye, up-stairs!

I'll send her that!

FATIMA.

Cruel, heartless man!

Think of my fair and fragile sister, Ann.

COUNT.

I really would—but am afraid to stuff

My mental stomach—she is rayther tough!

Come, hurry up!

FATIMA.

Grant me but time to say,

A single prayer! (*Aside*). Why don't Ann come this way?

If she don't hasten, it will be too late.

COUNT (*looking at his watch*).

Nay, madame, nay, I have no time to wait,

'Till you your battery of arts have tried!

Come!—Hia!

Seizes her by the hair and raises his sword—then pauses suddenly.

But stay! what was that noise outside?

Enter boy with despatch, which he hands the count.

What's this? A telegram—direct from Levy!

Gold fallen an eighteenth! Do my eyes deceive me?

I'm lost! I'm ruined! Where's my horse and carriage?

This comes from frittering one's time in marriage!

Madame, this interruption will delay

Our little matter maybe half a day.

"Business 'fore pleasure," always is my rule;

Meanwhile, I would advise you to keep cool,

Say all your prayers and put your things in place.

This afternoon I'll settle up your case!

Exit count in great haste. Enter Sister Ann by opposite door.

ANN.

Saved!

FATIMA.

For a time—only till after dinner!

ANN.

You silly child! Now, as I am a sinner,

You don't intend to wait his coming in,

Then to his sword meekly present your chin?

Come, bustle up! We'll catch the earliest train,

And your sweet lord shall seek his prey in vain!

I'll take you to the New York Woman's Club,

Or to the sister circle at the Hub;

There I defy his tyrant-ship to trace us,

Or, if he does, he'll never dare to face us

Backed by that crowd!—I think I've proved his match!

FATIMA.

Then it was you that sent him the despatch?

ANN.

Of course, it was! Henceforth you won't despise

Your sister's claim to being, sometimes, wise!

Had she not been strong minded and a blue,

She'd never found a way for saving you.

For Woman's Rights' intended just to teach us

Wisdom to act, when *men* would overreach us!

And keeping kindly watch o'er one another,

Defend our own sex, and outwit the other!

THREE PICTURES.

BY JOEL F. FILE.

CHUBBY Robert, three years old,
Gazing on the fire's warm glow,
Building castles in the air,

As the shadows come and go;

And he shouts in childish glee,

Like a little, laughing gnome—

Naught but gladness in his heart,

While the hearthstone is his home.

Manly Robert, forty-five,

With a sternness in his face,

And his forehead furrowed o'er

With the lines that sorrows trace;

All his castles in the air—

Lofty spire and noble dome—

All have crumbled into dust,

And he's far from childhood's home.

Aged Robert, four-score-ten,

Furrows deepened in his face,

Sitting in the old arm chair

In the chimney-corner place;

Nearly at his journey's end,

Nevermore will Robert roam,

Peace again is in his heart,

And the hearthstone is his home.

MEN spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.

KATY'S SECRET.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

"DON'T you wish you knew?" The words were upborne by a long ripple of musical, saucy laughter. "Don't you wish you knew, Seth Howe?"

The speaker stood with her hands behind her. Her shaker had dropped off, and hung by the strings below her matted, curling hair, which the last of the sunset rays were tinging with gold. The sauciness and glee of the bright, dark eyes were exasperating in the extreme, and Seth Howe turned resolutely away, and addressed himself to milking in a most energetic, business-like manner.

"Don't you wish you knew?" said the little girl, with a particularly tantalizing accent; and cautiously, without a change of position, she drew a long straw, and applied, with most delicate of touches, to the part of Seth's neck left exposed beneath the straight hair by the low collar.

The young man gave a shrug, and pretty soon a brush of the hand, and finally a sudden—"Is that you, Kate? Off with you! Quick, I say!"

And another prolonged rill of laughter bore up the words—"I knew I'd make you speak. I knew I would. Say, don't you wish you knew, Seth Howe?"

Seth had taken the milking-pails that night, and gone out in a rather humdrum mood. He was tired. He usually was tired at the close of the day. Seeing him thus in the broken straw hat and short working-jacket, you could not tell what style of a young man Seth really was at his best. To do that, you needed to see him coming home from prayer-meeting with pretty Jenny Halsey on his arm. Then his form was erect, his step, albeit a lingering one, was yet firm and graceful; his eye was bright, and his tone soft as a flute's. Everybody said he was engaged to Jenny Halsey, but it was only a tacit engagement. No formal words had ever been spoken. In truth, the two had been so happy together in silent, mutual understanding, that words had thus far seemed unnecessary in the sweet, bright dream.

To-night, as Seth came out with the milking-pails, he caught sight of the whisk of a white pocket-handkerchief, and in imagination he caught a whiff of the delicate perfume his

brother used as Tracy Howe's quick step made progress toward Squire Halsey's.

Tracy was home for a long vacation now. Tracy had been for some years past a clerk in the city. Too close confinement, he said, had threatened to make him ill, and he had come home to rusticate awhile. Confinement to any kind of work in the old time, when the two had been boys together, had been wont to make Tracy ill. And, too, he had been such a pretty lad, his step-mother's favorite, and possessed of such a winning manner, that a great deal had never been required of him. Seth had been accustomed to taking his brother's burdens, and to seeing that brother preferred before him. The father had resolved to try to send Tracy to college, but before he was quite fitted to enter, study had proved as unsuited to his delicate constitution as other labor.

Seth watched him now as he crossed the fields. Tracy carried something under his arm. It was his flute snugly encased. Jenny Halsey loved music dearly, and Seth did not play, and very rarely sung. His eyes followed for a few moments his brother's moving figure, and his teeth were set, and his lips pressed firmly together, as he planted the three-legged stool with rather more force than he had intended, and addressed himself to his task with more than ordinary vehemence.

"Don't you wish you knew what I know?" sung out a voice from the old apple-tree—"don't you now, Seth Howe?" And looking up, Katy's face, peering down upon him from among the leaves, had been provokingly discernible, as, curled up, she half lay among the branches.

"What are you doing up there, I'd like to know?" was the brother's salutation in a quick, disturbed tone. Perhaps a sudden consciousness of the bit of pantomime just enacted came to him with the knowledge of an observer.

"Oh! enjoying myself, and watching you, mostly—you and somebody else crossing the field over there." And in some secret glee the small creature caught hold of an upper branch and swung herself in an ecstasy of satisfaction to and fro.

"Don't do that!" in a sharp, quick tone. "You'll fall and break your neck some day, Kate. You certainly will."

"That's news, now! People don't tell me that more than a dozen times a day. Some other folks might take a different sort of a fall that would hurt about as much. Don't you think so, Seth?"

The young man sought refuge in dignified silence, and the little girl, dropping herself to the ground, had come and stood beside him, as narrated.

"What is it you know, Kate?"

"Goody! I wanted to make you ask me. I knew you would. But I can't tell; it wouldn't be *honorable*!" and pronouncing the last word in a mock-serious tone, she hugged herself, and gave way to various ebullitions of self-approval.

"Go away, Kate, I don't want you 'ere!"

"I didn't suppose you did. Thought I'd come all the same. Be magnanimous, you know."

"Where did you find that long word?"

"Ain't it a big one? I got it out of the book Tracy brought me."

At the mention of Tracy, the cloud came back to the brother's face.

"Tracy uses big words, lot's of 'em. I wonder if that's what makes Miss Martin say he is such an *a-gree-a-ble* young gentleman."

"Kate."

"What?"

"Will you go into the house?"

"Can't precisely say I will."

"Cherry won't stand still while you're dancing and capering round so."

"Oho! Cherry don't care for me. Do you, Cherry? I'll hold her," and the child came and threw an arm, far as her low height would let her, over the cow's neck. "Be still, Cherry!" At which injunction the cow took a step forward, which movement necessitated a change of position on the part of the young man in the straw hat and short jacket.

"Kate, you are growing to be a very aggravating, troublesome girl!"

"I know it, and when I grow up I will not be considered a young lady. No one will like my companionship if I do not change my course, and I will be lonely and unhappy. I'll tell you the rest of it if you want me to. I know it all by heart. It'll save you the trouble!"

The little girl had kept her place by Cherry, and she leaned her head against the cow's neck as she spoke.

"I'll tell you who that is *about* if you want to know, Seth Howe."

"Who what's about?"

"Why, what you asked me, and I wouldn't tell you. Because it wouldn't be honorable, you know."

"Tell them, if you want to!"

"About"—and Katy paused, and the young man raised his eyes involuntarily—"Jenny Halsey."

The crimson tide that swept full into his face at the unexpected name, did not escape Katy's notice.

"That's all I can tell. But I advise you to go over there a little oftener now-a-days, I do," in a serious tone.

"One from the family is enough," escaped the young man between set teeth.

He would have given much to recall the expression a moment later, as Katy's serious eyes, slowly regarding him, took sudden inventory of a shock of hair that had somehow escaped through a rip in the straw, and recollection flashing back the dramatic look with which he had regarded Tracy crossing the field, the genius of the ludicrous inspired one of those sudden, rippling laughs, and caused him to spring suddenly to his feet.

"Off with you, Cherry! Kate, you're a witch. I should think you'd be afraid to go to sleep nights. Lucky for you that you didn't live in Salem;" and he strode down through the garden with the brimming pail of milk.

Seth communed with his own heart that night. Even that child, Kate, saw how matters stood, he reflected. It must be patent to everybody. Tracy should have the field, he resolved. If Jenny could be swerved by a trick of manner and a new face, why, it was time the fact was understood, and met. The matter should be tested. He was not one that would stand in the way of either. The glory of self-sacrifice appealed to inner consciousness as never before. But Seth fought a battle that night. Its effects were visible in his haggard face next morning, when, after an early breakfast and several hours in the field, he chanced to re-enter the house, and found Tracy in his dainty summer suit discussing his late cup of coffee.

"Beautiful morning!" offered Tracy in his pleasant voice—"I'm delighted! I have promised to take Miss Halsey after pond lilies. Would you go around the bend, Seth, or across the other way?"

Seth stood and looked down upon his brother. His own figure, with its broad shoulders and expression of sturdy strength, seemed to attain unusual height, as he regarded the slight, student-looking young man before him, and

calmly gave the pros and cons of the two routes in measured accents, then turned and left the room.

Tracy did not perceive anything unusual in tone or manner. He was not magnetic. He was never made unhappy by the crossing of spiritual currents. Let half a dozen persons be at swords' points with each other, and Tracy could come into the room and utter his little common-place pleasantries for an hour, and never perceive the lack of harmony, unless, indeed, wordy combat were raging high. Tracy never felt stifled by spiritual atmospheres.

Seth stood outside the old doorway, motionless a moment, after he had left his brother breakfasting in the cool, shaded room. Then he drew a deep inspiration, and there was unusual energy in his step as he crossed the yard under the elms. Evidently, Seth was one that would work hard under trouble, real or imaginary.

Katy, up in the garret poring over an antiquated volume of ghost stories, did not hear the little dialogue, but, peeping from the window, she did catch sight of Tracy as he set out with the ladies on their expedition.

"There's Tracy, and I do believe he's taking Jenny Halsey and Sid Bulkley after pond-lilies. Oh! won't Seth look fierce again!" she exclaimed. "Won't I have some sport! Serves him right. Why don't he act like a man? Before I'd give up in that way!"

Picnics, sails, and other parties, were in programme for the month, but pre-occupied when in Jenny's company with his brother, Seth's contribution to the general fund of entertainment seemed dull indeed, in comparison with Tracy's elaborate small talk and musical offerings. Seth was no dissembler.

"Don't look so glum, Seth," once expostulated fearless Katy in an aside. "It isn't the right thing for you to do. I'm posted, or I wouldn't say so. Why, I should think that Jenny—"

"You daring child, not another word!" interrupted Seth, laying a hand on her shoulder. "What is it you know? What is it you've got to tell? You said something of the kind once before. Speak out; I'm not to be tampered with."

Seth's temper had been not a little tried by Tracy's assumption of right to provide for Miss Halsey's comfort on all occasions. It was Tracy's way to render little attentions gracefully. Jenny accepted in her own sweet way. And Seth may or may not have magnified the watchful tact of the services rendered. Few

men can understand the individuals of the brotherhood denominated "ladies' men." Seth did not realize in what irritation he addressed his little sister.

"I can't tell, Seth," said the little girl. "I—I can advise you, though."

"Advise, you chit!" was the ironical expression of Seth's eye as he steadfastly regarded her a full minute, and the unabashed black eyes returned the gaze with interest. "Hear me now—I 'advise' you, Kate, to hold your peace. Not a word more; I'm in earnest."

A long, low, musical laugh was the only answer as the child broke from him.

"I believe the girl is a witch, verily," said Seth Howe.

Weeks sped, and village gossip said Tracy Howe had come home to good or bad purpose, as the case might be. Seth had evidently retired from the lists, and his brother, to general vision, enacted the part of accepted suitor. Tracy's gift of pleasing had won most of the village hearts, and Jenny was a favorite. There were surmises as to whether she and Seth had quarrelled. There were queries as to how Seth looked upon the matter. But no one knew. Few but Kate, who feared no one, could take familiarities with Seth.

Katy's unsuspected sympathies were being wrought upon more than she was aware. Night after night she had watched Seth leave the house and cross the field in the direction of Squire Halsey's. Kate felt dimly the spirit of the errand that took him thither, but she had no gift of clairvoyance by which she could see him stand there in the solemn night, with folded arms, under the tall pine at the edge of the grove, gazing from afar up at the lighted window of Jenny's room as a devotee might at a shrine. She did not hear murmured words that passed the young man's lips in the still night. But she had sometimes caught sight of the hard, determined face when he came back.

Katy decided to make investigations. She came into the cool parlor in the most matter-of-fact way one day, and, with hands behind her, walked up to Tracy, lying luxuriously at full length on the sofa.

"Tracy Howe, are you going to marry Jenny Halsey?"

Tracy put down the volume he had held in his hand, and surveyed the little figure before him; a supercilious smile slowly curled his thin lips.

"Upon my word!" And the tone said more than the words.

"Don't look so, you smooth, selfish Tracy!"

"Upon my word!" once more ejaculated the young man.

"Tell me, because, because it ought to be known," and the little girl took a step forward, and her eyes were burning bright, "is it true what Mrs. Griswald was talking about—are you going to marry Jenny Halsey?"

"I advise you to investigate bureau drawers, Miss Kate, in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Listening at keyholes, perhaps would be in your line of investigation." And the supercilious smile still wreathed the thin lips. "I certainly shall not take the trouble to inform you by ordinary methods, when you have such admirable means of eliciting information."

"You know, Tracy Howe!" began Kate.

"Yes, I know I spoiled a little investigation of yours one morning," running his fingers through his perfumed hair, and speaking with a very perceptible taunt in his metallic voice.

Kate's cheeks crimsoned, and she felt a choking sensation in her throat. She did not wait to hear more. Not the privilege of having a table at a fancy fair—which, by the way, had for a year or two past been an ambition making young ladyhood enticing—would have induced Kate to let Tracy or anybody else see a tear in her eye, and she sprang away excitedly as Tracy threw an arm out to detain her, and, like some hurt, wild thing, ran out, and down to the locust thicket.

"He knows better," said the little girl. "He might know better; but he never will believe me. Aunt Debby sent me to his drawer to see if any more of his socks needed mending, and the picture lay right there. It was so lovely, and I never thought what I was doing, how could I help taking it up. I did not know I had the letter in my hand. I did not, whatever Tracy may say. I took it up with the handkerchiefs to make room for the clean things. And to think he should have come in just then, and believed what he did. Oh! dear," and a great, suppressed sob shook the little girl, "I wouldn't have read that letter. Nothing would have tempted me to read it; but he never will believe it, and I cannot make him—never, never! Kate Howe."

Pronouncing her own name in a changed voice, with one effort she suddenly, resolutely checked her tears and calmed herself. "Stop this. You know you didn't do anything dishonorable. You know it. What a little goose you are to fret over what Tracy thinks, and you can't help. I'm ashamed of you. Go and tie up your sweet peas."

Katy was a lonely child this summer. Aunt Debby was always occupied with domestic concerns, any of which she would rather transact than interest that "piece of mischief, Kate," in them. Her principle playmate was gone away to spend vacation. Seth, who through the little girl's orphanage had always been her best friend, regarded her with displeasure, and, in his irritable state of mind, had less patience with her teasing moods than usual. Katy was getting to have spasmodic attacks of being miserable.

It was late in the afternoon. She had picked her dish of currants for tea, and had set it down in the shade of a big horseradish leaf while she went to make her daily visit to a nest of young birds.

Star, handsome, dainty-stepping Star, came trotting up with a low whinny, and put his head over the garden fence where she was standing.

Katy was up on the top of the fence very speedily, and both arms were around the horse's neck. "Oh! dear old Star, I'm glad to see you. You're the best friend I've got, Star. I wish I had some sugar for you. Aunt Debby won't give it to me, though; and if I do open bureau drawers when I'm told to, I don't take sugar lumps even for you, dear Star," and she laid her cheek on the white spot on the horse's forehead. "I'm wretched, really, Star. That blessed, cross, old brother of mine, he troubles me a lot. He is growing dreadfully thin, and he won't even eat potpie—Aunt Debby's potpie—think of that, Star! He don't eat or sleep, and all because he's such a foolish fellow—such a very foolish fellow." And the little girl, suddenly overcome with merriment, laughed one of her long, rippling laughs, and the horse lifted and bowed his head in apparent sympathy or approbation. "He's such a foolish fellow, and I can't tell him, and he won't let me advise him. I'm always getting into wrong places, and finding out what I ought not to. I wish I didn't live with grown folks, Star. When May Halsey left me up-stairs alone, and I got out of the window to have a good slide down the roof, I didn't know I was going to hear them talk my brothers over, did I, Star? I didn't know I was going to hear Jenny Halsey say Tracy was an agreeable, gentlemanly fellow—that's what everybody says, you know—but that my good old Seth was worth half a dozen just like him. That there was more of a man about Seth when he was seventeen than there had been about Tracy all his life."

The little girl did not finish her communication to Star.

"Take care there, Kate!" said a voice in such close proximity, that, with a violent start that nearly threw her from her balance, the little girl gazed around, vainly seeking to discover from whence it came. But a moment intervened before Seth sprang from the clover-bloom, where he had been lying close by the fence, and stood before her.

Katy, whose every instinct was concealment where feeling was concerned, sat confounded, staring mutely with her great, dark eyes. Seth put the dark curls back on either side, and stood gazing down into the non-committal face.

"Kate, you gypsy, did she say that?"

"Who say what?"

Not a quiver of an eyelid betrayed the Kate of two minutes before and the present Kate to be identical.

"Did I dream what you said to Star, little sister?"

"Maybe you did. Very likely. Let go my head, Seth. I never said anything to any person any young lady wouldn't want me to. I wouldn't," said the child stoutly, "if I burned my hand off. But I'm always finding out what I ought not to. And now you're just as bad. Why don't you take your naps on the sofa the way Tracy does, and leave out-doors to me. There's one thing, Seth Howe," and the dark eyes brightened, "you are not to remember one minute if you've heard anything Miss Halsey would not want you to know. I am only twelve years old, but I know how young ladies feel about such things, and you have treated her shamefully, Seth Howe. You are a great, big coward to stand back so. You put me out of patience, you do. There, I haven't got another word to say. Let me go. Aunt Delby wants the currants for tea."

And Seth, letting her go, began a sort of apology. "I have been cross to you lately, Katy, I have"—but he did not get further. Picking up her dish of bright fruit, Katy threw back her head for one of the old laughs that had been less frequent lately.

"Don't practise apologies on me now, Sethy, don't. You'd better make 'em to somebody else. Don't be a goose!"

And Seth, watching the little figure flying down the garden-walk, exclaimed—"What a child it is, to be sure!"

The swallows had sought their nests, and the whip-poor-wills were uttering their plaints,

when—Tracy having one of his severe headaches—Seth walked alone over to Squire Halsey's, and found Jenny opportunely quite by herself.

The young lady met him with gentle dignity, quite unlike the old-time, pleasant freedom before Tracy came. But out there in the vine-wreathed porch, with sweet odors coming to them borne on the soft night-air from Jenny's flower-garden, with moonlight radiance around them, and only the stars and guardian angels looking down upon them, how was it possible that they should do otherwise than come to an understanding?

When Seth found how Jenny Halsey had grieved over his changed manner, how she had questioned her own conduct to find a reason for it, and how bravely she had striven to win him back by cheerful kindness, and bright good nature, yet without intruding the old understanding upon him; when he knew how she had feared some dark shadow of trouble had come upon him which she might not share, and had conjectured in vain its character, and finally, in maiden delicacy, had conformed herself to his own cold manner—when he knew all this, together with the explanations of various little scenes between her and Tracy, his conflicting emotions of joy, sorrow, and self-disgust found limited expression in the one ejaculation.

"I have been a great fool, Jenny!"

Had Katy been there, which she was not, her straightforwardness would have expressed itself in the words—"Precisely what I thought all the time, but how was I to help it!"

"Had Tracy confided to me the fact of his engagement to Miss Williams, it would have been different. However, in that case, I should not have known what an easy dupe I am capable of becoming to my own weakness," said Seth.

"I was at fault," yielded Jenny. "I was glad to entertain Tracy as your brother, of course, but I should have understood afterward how it was."

"It is all the more to your praise that you did not," acknowledged Seth. "I hope you never will understand my stupidities, Jenny."

But all shall not be told that they said there in the moonlight.

That night, when Jenny made an entry in the diary she kept locked, day by day, in her rosewood writing-desk, the last lines ran—

"So no more sleepless nights, and perplexed mornings now. I never would have supposed my noble Seth had an atom of jealousy in his

disposition—must I call it by that ugly name? But it is well to know it thus early, that I may guard against the brightening of the little spark. Perhaps it will die utterly for want of fanning. It has been hard for us both all these weeks, but I will not dwell on what is past.”

Jenny and Seth were married in the autumn, and Tracy was groomsman. Katy, now in young womanhood, retains all her childhood's straightforwardness and delicate sensitiveness to honor, together with her propensity to merriment and latent love of teasing, but she is greatly toned down and softened. Katy has personal matters of her own to be interested in, and to keep silent about. She is spending some time at brother Seth's now. He gives her occasional pay in her own coin on old scores, when he inquires the contents of certain letters that come up so regularly from the city, but more particularly when he alludes to the subject of a private interview solicited by one of Tracy's friends, from which Miss Katy came with a troubled look and crimsoned cheeks. Finding the young lady firmness itself on this topic, he demurely inquires whether she "might not be induced to confide it to Star."

ROAST GOOSE AND APPLE-SAUCE.

"DID you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workingman to my father one day when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said my father; "how was it?"

"Well, sir, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to his dinner."

"What's for dinner?" said the man.

"Roast goose," replied his wife.

"Is there apple-sauce?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple-sauce."

"What apple-sauce is," said the narrator of this anecdote, "I don't know, but I suppose it's something good they eat with goose."

When the woman had left the room to prepare this wonderful delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed, that for the first time in his life he began to think, and his eyes were opened so that he was enabled to see clearly what a fool he had been.

"Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner off *roast goose without apple-sauce*, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have even that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? *Mine*, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense." So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public house never to enter it again.

This happened many years ago, but the same thing is now going on in thousands of public houses all over the country—the landlord and his wife and children feasting on the best of everything, and the poor tipsy fools who pay for it having scarcely enough to keep themselves from starving.

Every poor wretch, who sits drinking away his earnings in the public house, sees this going on before his eyes, but he is too stupefied with drink to apply the lesson to himself, as that poor mason was enabled to do.

Reader, are you one of the number? Thank God, if you are not; but if you are, the next time you visit the public house notice the nice, hot, savory meal that is preparing for the landlord and his family, and then contrast it with the wretched food that is being prepared in your poverty-stricken home.

Suppose you were to be told that a family were coming to live in one of the most comfortable houses in the village, and that every workingman was expected to give a large portion of his earnings toward the support of these people. Why, the whole village would be up in arms to resist such tyranny. Fancy the commotion there would be! Can you not hear the people saying—"We have scarcely enough bread for our little ones, and are we to be taxed to keep a parcel of lazy, idle vagabonds?" Yet you know perfectly well that all this time you and your companions are supporting two or three such families in your village, aye, and pinching yourselves, too, that they may have all the comforts and luxuries you can give them.

God grant that your eyes may be opened before it is too late to the folly and misery of your present course, which is leading you on by sure and certain steps in the path to destruction. The way of the transgressor is hard, and harder you will find it the longer you continue in your evil course.

THE MARQUISE DE CHAUTONNAY.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Adapted from the German.

BY E. B. D.

"**H**ELP me from my horse! Good-evening, all. What times are these! what times are these! You should go to the city, if you would see what France is coming to!"

With these words, Master Jacques dismounted from his black, foam-covered horse, in the courtyard of the Chateau de Chautonnay. He had ridden, without halt, the entire distance from Saumur on the Loire, eight leagues, through a wild and brushy country cut up by hedges and ditches. From the stables and the kitchens the servants had flocked to the yard; the field hands had left their labors, and, with the peasants from the neighboring village, were streaming in, all clamorous and questioning. Standing somewhat above the others, on the stone steps of the chateau, was a young girl, whose jaunty costume—that of a lady's maid—was in marked contrast with that of her fellow servants and the peasant women.

"I told you how it would be!" cried she. "The hail did not break in the church window for nothing—the fine-painted window that was a thousand years old and more! They have murdered the king!"

"Silence! silence!" shouted the others. "Let Jacques speak. He has been to the city—let him tell us how it looks there."

"Ah! it looks gloomy enough there!" exclaimed Jacques, with a shrug of his shoulders, "and heathenish, and wild! You would no longer know the good city of old," he continued, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "The townspeople run about as if they had lost their senses. Not a man is at work. 'Long live the republic!' they cry, and 'Arms! arms!' roar the beggars and idlers on the streets. From the window of the town-hall floats a long black flag, and on the market-place they have raised a wooden booth, over the entrance to which they have written,—'Our country is in peril! Volunteers wanted!' and around this place there is always a crowd of fellows in their shirt-sleeves, and with red caps on their bustling heads, while a dozen hand-organs grind out 'Ça ira! Ça ira!' all day long. And then they have taken the bells out of the churches, and

made them into cannon. They have broken open the shrines in which the sacred relics were kept, and sold the gold and silver and precious stones, and trodden the bones of the saints under their feet!"

A fierce murmur of indignation ran through the crowd.

Jacques resumed: "Why make such an ado about this! there is much worse to come. An order has been sent from Paris that every young man in the country shall be stuck into uniform, and marched off to the borders."

Jacques was in his element as a dispenser of information, and his listeners eager for news, so he remained deliberately, mail-bag in hand, replying to their questioning, deeply enjoying the dignity his superior advantages had temporarily secured for him.

The sun was setting, its ruddy, golden reflection gleaming in the windows of the chateau, a structure dating from an early period in the sixteenth century. At one of these windows on the second floor of the edifice, sat the Marquise de Chautonnay, a lady not yet past the bloom of youth. She was busy at a cabinet, looking over papers and letters, and documents of value, and devising means for their safer keeping, for now precautions were required which were unnecessary in peaceful times. Glancing from the window, she perceived the group in the courtyard, and rising hastily, rang the bell to summon her maid.

"It is the courier with the letter-bag," she said half aloud; "he brings news of my husband, and all the gossips of the village will hear it before me."

The Marquis de Chautonnay had hastened to Paris at the first warning of danger, in order, if possible, to serve his king.

It was now late in August of that year of terror, 1792. Undefined, panic-creating rumors, each succeeding one surpassing its predecessor in horror, flew from mouth to mouth. As if borne upon a flash of lightning, the tidings of the downfall of the monarchy, on the tenth of August—of the massacre of the heroic nobles and the faithful Swiss while defending the

Tuileries against the fiery assaults of the populace—of the erection of the republic, and of the convocation of an assembly, had been carried even to the remotest villages and the most retired chateaux. The world seemed to have turned to that primeval state of nature in which, in the struggle for existence, one man's hand was lifted against the head of another. Even the provinces of Anjou and Poitou, those thickly wooded and hilly districts, which derived their name from the river Vendée, fell into the new movement. As the nobles of these provinces had not forsaken their estates for the gayeties and dissipations of Paris, as had been too much the case throughout the rest of France, their patriarchal rule had not yet been shaken. Nevertheless, the principles of republicanism were gradually advancing from the large cities to the north and eastward—from Nantes and Angers, and from Saumur and Tours. The cry—"Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death!" began to grow loud. The Jacobins did not despair of finally bringing over to their doctrines the people even of this corner of France. The uneasiness and anxiety which all felt led them to surmise that some new calamity was impending. It was as if the air smelt of blood.

Minutes passed, and Elise did not appear, and again the marquise rang, this time impatiently.

"It is useless, I know," she exclaimed. "The chattering hussy is with the crowd in the courtyard, and I may wait, as best I may, until it suits her pleasure to come to me."

As she sat, waiting anxiously and listening intently for the coming of her maid, her mind strained with the dreadful suspense of the moment, she fancied she heard a slight noise in the room. It was as if a door, ordinarily swinging noiselessly, had creaked faintly from the very excess of care in opening it—a noise so slight, indeed, that if she had not been intently listening, it would have escaped her notice. Again her ear caught, or fancied it caught, the sound of a muffled footfall. In those dreadful times the senses were on the alert for the slightest hint of danger to life or property.

For a moment, terror was the reigning feeling in the breast of the marquise, and she half rose in the sudden impulse to spring to the bell and sound a peal of alarm. But she immediately checked herself with the thought, that, as her two former summons still remained unanswered, a third would be equally useless, and any overt act on her part might hasten the catastrophe.

Escape from the room was impossible, for to gain the door she must pass the spot where the intruder—if such there was—stood. In the dreadful emergency she retained her self-possession, and summoned all her courage and energy to her aid.

Immediately in front of her, resting on the top of the cabinet, was a mirror. Her glance fell by accident on this mirror, but before it was withdrawn she saw reflected in it the figure of a man, carrying a formidable knife, advancing around an angle of the room behind her.

Quick as thought, yet with a slightly perceptible motion, with her right hand she seized a pistol which lay in the open drawer before her, while her left hand she placed as quickly over the eyes and mouth of the tiny spaniel which lay in her lap, lest she should discover and resent the appearance of the intruder.

The man paused, as if deliberating on his next movement, and she turned her eyes from the mirror, so that he might not perceive she had discovered him. Meanwhile, her thoughts were busy with the perils of her situation and devising the course she had best pursue.

At that moment footsteps were heard ascending the staircase and advancing through the hall toward the door of her room. A quick glance in the mirror showed her that the rufian had disappeared; and as the maid entered immediately, and gave no sign of seeing anything unusual, she knew that the man must have retreated through the same door by which he entered. And this door opened into her bedroom. There was no means of egress from the chamber, except through the room where she was sitting, or by the window to the court below. To make use of the latter was impossible, crowded as the court now was by servants and villagers.

The marquise was pale and trembling when Elise entered, but the maid was too excited herself to take note of any excitement in others.

"My lady," said she, "here is Jacques, who has brought you the news from Saumur, and they do say there are dreadful doings in Paris. They have murdered the king and put everybody in prison—"

The marquise, by a gesture, silenced the volubility of her maid, and turned to the courier with—"You have come at last, Jacques. What news do you bring me of my husband?"

Jacques shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot tell," said he; "no good news, certainly. They say he is put in prison, and one knows what

that means now. The blood-thirsty villains will not be satisfied until all but themselves are dead."

"Have they killed the king?"

"Not yet, madame; but one cannot tell what they will do."

The marquise silently reached her hand for the mail-bag, and nerved herself for the dreadful ordeal of finding, perhaps, her worst fears realized. There were papers of the day, and one or two letters, the latter written in a guarded manner, as if their writers feared to compromise themselves if their productions should fall into the wrong hands. But from them she learned her husband had been arrested, and was now awaiting his fate, a fate concerning which there could be little doubt. She gave one cry, but quickly regained her composure, as the thought of her own peril—a peril which, for the moment, in her anxiety for her husband, she had forgotten. Now was no time for weakness. She must be strong and wise. Should she tell Jacques of her danger, and bid him summon the servants to secure the ruffian? She would not decide on the impulse of the moment. She had the man secure—no, he was not secure; the door was unlocked, and the key on the inside, and if she were left alone for a moment, she might be subjected to a worse horror than that through which she had just passed.

Rising resolutely, she went to the door of her chamber, and opening it, she held it ajar for a few moments, while she paused on the threshold further to question Jacques. Having allowed sufficient time for the man to secrete himself, as she felt sure he would do if he had opportunity, she boldly entered the chamber, crossed it, made a pretence of taking something from a table, and as she passed out again, by a hasty movement secured the key of the door. As she re-entered the room, she inserted the key in the lock on the outside, and turned it, unnoticed by Jacques and Elise.

Then she sat down, and spent some moments alternately indulging her forebodings concerning her husband, and considering what she should do with her prisoner. As the word prisoner occurred to her, it suddenly seemed to be fraught with a double meaning. Her husband, too, was a prisoner; and as she prayed for mercy for him, so would she also be merciful, unless the man proved utterly unworthy. In her hasty view of him, she had recognized him as a former resident of the village, an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, but one whose worst crime had hitherto been that of poaching.

The evil influences of the times had probably had their effect upon him, and in the general anarchy and blood-thirstiness, he had found a broader scope for the exercise of his misdirected faculties.

"Elise," said she, rising with a sudden determination, "go with Jacques to the next room, and remain until I call you. And here," she added, by a sudden after thought, as the maid was leaving the room, "poor Fidèle can wait no longer for her supper. Take her down and attend to her wants."

The maid looked surprised at this care for a dog at such a time; but it was with the view of having no troublesome intruder in the interview which she contemplated that she sent the dog away.

As she heard the door of the adjoining apartment close, she paused a moment to collect herself. Then, taking her pistol again, and advancing to the door of her chamber, she said in low, yet distinct tones—

"Godfrey Chassong!"

There was no reply.

"Godfrey Chassong," she repeated, "you see that I am aware of your presence, and you cannot but know that you are completely in my power. I can, if I wish, deliver you over to the servants and villagers who are collected below, to be dealt with as they see fit. The wisest thing you can do is to submit to me. You hear me, Godfrey?"

There was a moment's pause, and then came the reply, "I hear you, madame."

"Then tell me what was your purpose in coming here to-day."

There was another pause, and then came a second reply—"You are a brave woman, madame. You remind me of Citizeness Capet, who calls herself our queen. You have every advantage of me, and I am forced to submit and answer your question. You are suspected of being in communication with the royalists, and I was sent to see if I could find any evidence against you. I found you busy with your papers, and I thought if I could get behind you unseen, I might find out all I wanted with your aid, but without your knowledge. Otherwise, I should be obliged to search the desk myself. But you must have seen me in the glass."

"Yes, I saw you in the glass. But what were you intending to do with your knife?"

"Madame, when one undertakes a dangerous affair, it is necessary for one to go prepared."

"Then it was not to murder me?"

There was undoubted genuineness in the tones of the voice which replied—"Heaven forbid! I might have frightened you, and in the cause of our republic have borne witness against you, for a patriot must not let himself be influenced by private feelings. But if you had let me pass unharmed, you would have been equally safe from harm from me."

"What will you do if I let you pass unharmed now?"

"*Mon dieu!* I cannot expect that."

"Answer my question, if you please. Will you go peaceably away?"

"I would be a worse man than I am, madame, if I did not."

The marquise summoned Jacques from the adjoining room.

"Jacques," said she, "you were a faithful servant of your old master, were you not?"

"I was, madame."

"And you are ready to serve me as faithfully, if I desire it?"

"Most certainly, madame."

"Even if it went against your conscience?"

"Madame would not ask me to do anything wrong."

"But suppose, Jacques, I should wish you to do something that you disliked very much—as much as you would the rescuing of a Jacobin—would you not do it for me—for the sake of the marquis?"

Jacques hesitated, and muttered between his teeth—"Those infernal sans-culottes!" He was evidently struggling between duty and inclination. He finally answered, reluctantly, to be sure—"Whatever madame wishes me to do I will do without a question. She cannot certainly want me to put on a red cap and cry, '*Vive la republique.*'"

The marquise unlocked the door of her chamber, and called Godfrey forth.

"Jacques," said she, "I want you to conduct this man quietly out of the house, and safely off the premises."

"But, madame," stammered Jacques in astonishment, as his eyes fell upon Godfrey, "you do not know who he is. He is one of the sans-culottes. You surely do not mean—"

"I mean, Jacques, that I wish to be obeyed," replied the lady with dignity.

"And I will obey you," returned Jacques, recalled to himself; but he shrugged his shoulders, and muttered in an undertone, "What strange freaks ladies take! Can madame be turning Jacobin, I wonder? Or has she lost her senses?"

"Godfrey Chassong, this man will see you

safely out of the neighborhood. I have spared you once. Do not be sure I shall be so lenient a second time."

"Come along," said Jacques surlily, casting a scowling, sidelong glance at his companion. "I'll do what I'm ordered now; but if I ever have a fair chance at you when I'm not under commands, we'll see who is the best man—a true royalist who stands up for his church and king, or a rascally, cut-throat republican, who gets into people's houses no one knows how, and who has to be got out again on the sly."

Godfrey lingered in hesitation for a moment, and then, sinking on his knees before the marquise, seized her hand and kissed it reverently.

"I cannot thank you now, madame," said he earnestly, "for your generosity to me. But if the time ever comes when I can prove my gratitude to you, I shall not fail you."

"Better not trust him," said the incorrigible Jacques, and together they disappeared through a winding passage which led to a back entrance.

As the door closed after them, and the necessity for calmness and self-control was no longer so imperative, the marquise was overcome by sudden weakness, and staggered with difficulty to a seat. Her maid found her utterly prostrated in mind and body, and it was days before she became herself again.

The weeks went on, until it was the middle of September. An ominous sultriness brooded over France. From the mighty volcano of Paris a terrible something had shot up—a cloud of fire and blood, it might be, which, spreading out its gloomy canopy, had, at last, well nigh covered the whole land. The world seemed to have been driven from the poles on which it had so long revolved, and chaos to have come again. Now that the altars of God and the throne of the king had been overturned, whose property, whose life was any longer safe against violence?

Already the marquise was aware that the Jacobins of the city had marked the Chateau de Chautonnay as the rendezvous of those "sworn foes of the people," the "aristocrats." By certain information received, she was left scarcely in doubt that the republicans intended to make an attack upon the house during the coming night. With the undaunted intrepidity of her nature, she resolved, if possible, to hold out against them.

Jacques had again just returned from Sau-mur with the precious letter bag.

"One of the letters," said Jacques, "was brought by a traveller to our tradesman's."

In those days of suspicion and treachery it was dangerous to trust letters to the post. The heart of the marquise throbbed more violently, yet no outward sign of emotion disturbed the gravity and composure of her mien. Turning toward Jacques, she asked—"Is everything prepared?"

"Everything, just as your ladyship directed. The firelocks are all loaded, and the peasants are ready to spring up at the first stroke of the alarm-bell. There are forty of them—strong, resolute men. They have arranged a fire-signal with their neighbors, if the sans-culottes should come this way. Your ladyship can rest easy in this matter. But if you had only taken my advice, and not let that rascal Chassong go, all this might have been saved."

"How so, Jacques?"

"Everybody knows, madame, he is at the bottom of this attack. He is such an ungrateful, cowardly dog!"

If Jacques had not been restrained by the presence of his mistress, it is highly probable that his indignation would have found vent in far stronger language.

The marquise opened the bag and took out a newspaper. It was a copy of *The National Gazette, or Universal Monitor*, for Thursday, the 9th of September, 1792, "the fourth year of Liberty, and the first of Equality," as the title announced.

Of all the newspapers that sprung up during the Revolution, the *Moniteur* was considered the most fair and reliable. In it one beheld the destinies of France—tragedies innumerable, and more terrible, even, than those of Corneille and Crebillon. A few moments the marquise silently looked over the sheet, and then read to herself the following:

"The report that the royalists confined in the various prisons of the city had resolved upon a general rising and attempt to escape, inspired our good citizens with an ever-growing apprehension. These reports, indeed, at last gained such strength and wide-spread credence, that patrols were sent out to guard the prisons. But the fury of the people had now risen to the highest pitch, and the rashest and most terrible purposes were already contemplated. At this moment a citizen, who had just enrolled himself as a volunteer, cried out in a sort of frenzy:

"Shall we, who have left our homes, carry with us the fear that those in whose charge we have left our wives and children shall not be able to guard them against new conspiracies?

Death to all traitors! Let the prisoners die!"

"The effect of this appeal was instantaneous. From every quarter of the city there was a sudden rush upon the prisons. In vain the authorities strove to restrain the mob. But if the justice of the people was terrible, it must yet be said that when it had nothing further to punish, it broke forth into the loudest jubilation. Such of the prisoners whose innocence was assured were set free at once, and borne off in triumph, amid shouts of 'Long live the people!' Those not deemed innocent, yet culpable in a less degree, were taken to see the destruction of the criminals, and the fearful spectacle they were thus made to witness was the prelude to their liberation."

The newspaper closed its recital of the magnanimity of the mob with the following horrible and cold-blooded paragraph:

"The next day they cut off the head of the Princess Lamballe. The dead body was dragged around the city, but first of all, around the Temple."

It was in the Temple that the king was confined.

The marquise emptied the mail-bag of its contents. She threw the newspapers upon the floor. "I cannot read them," she said; "there is blood on them."

With trembling hands and blanching face she opened the letter of which Jacques had spoken.

"Not a word to console you," wrote her friend. "All is over! I believe that the end of the world is at hand. At midnight of Sunday the slaughter began, and continued till Tuesday. Alarm-bells pealed from every steeple. The houses were all closed. Only the armed bands of murderers paraded the streets. Three hundred of the boldest were sent to the prisons. It is said that Danton himself selected them for the bloody work, and paid them for it. Civil functionaries, wearing tri-colored sashes, marched in advance of them. Fifteen hundred persons were put to death by these ruffians. Among the victims were many harmless women, and many priests, whose sole offence was that they would not take the oath to the new constitution. You recollect my niece, who was maid-of-honor to the queen, and was captured at the storming of the Tuileries? She is now no more. Fortify yourself with the courage of a Christian. Your husband, the Marquis de Chautonnay—"

The marquise could read no further. The

letter dropped from her trembling hands, and with a gasping sob she sank back in her chair.

Suddenly, in the courtyard below, was heard a loud uproar, together with a hammering at the outer gate. At this noise the marquise arose, every trace of weakness and apprehension gone from her face and bearing. Reaching the courtyard, she found the entire force of male servants under arms. A few torches and stable-lanterns diffused a flickering and uncertain light.

"Open the gate, will you?" shouted some one on the outside. "Open! we have caught a thief—a spy!"

"It's that villain Chassong, I am certain," was the remark of Jacques, who had followed close at the heels of his mistress.

"Open!" commanded the marquise, from her position on the stone steps.

There was some little delay before the servants could take down the iron bars, shove back the heavy bolts, and turn the key in the lock. A number of peasants armed with pikes and firelocks rushed noisily in, dragging in their midst a man, the first noticeable peculiarity in whose clothing was the tri-color sash across the breast, and the national cockade in his crushed hat.

"A Jacobin, who wanted to set fire to the village! kill him! Down with him!" clamored the peasants, whose courage had evidently been heightened by a too free use of brandy at the inn.

Little by little the marquise gathered from the confused talk the particulars most essential to an understanding of the matter. Apprehensive of a sudden attack, the peasants had resolved on a thorough search of the neighborhood, during which they had encountered this man, who, at sight of them, would have fled to the bush. They had fallen upon him, however, and, in spite of his entreaties, brought him with them. Amid their scornful laughter he had at last called upon them to lead him into the presence of the Marquise de Chautonnay.

"Bring him into the house, that I may see and question him," was the marquise's command, as she ascended the steps.

Jacques shrugged his shoulders. "I knew it was he," he said; "I can recognize him in spite of his disguises—that wretch Chassong. He will not get off so easy this time."

No sooner had they entered the chateau, than the stranger, having already, by a powerful jerk, broken away from the two men who held

him, now dashed aside his hat, and the black bandage which had concealed a portion of his face, and revealed the form and features of the Marquis de Chautonnay!

What a meeting was this! Unexpectedly, unobserved, Joy, the daughter of heaven, had descended, and now stood there in all her beauty. He whom his wife believed to be dead, was with her again, delivered from a thousand perils. Passionate embraces alternated with eager questionings.

And this was his story: "Bleeding from a severe wound, he had fallen into the power of the people at the storming of the Tuileries, and had been carried a prisoner to the Abbey. Here his wounds were carefully examined and dressed, and he received from his jailer a certain kindness of treatment. At last came the terrible days of September.

"It was late in the evening of Sunday," said the marquis, "we were all prepared for the last extremity. The day previous I had been removed to the little chapel, which was already occupied by several prisoners. Outside we heard the yells of the murderers, the groans of the murdered. At ten o'clock my name was called, and I went out. A savage-looking fellow, bespattered with blood, and brandishing a bloody sabre, seized me by the arm.

"To the tribunal, aristocrat!" he shrieked. "To the tribunal."

"Pray, sir," I politely rejoined, "only show me the way, and I will go alone."

"Then a singular circumstance happened. At the sound of my voice the murderer started. He turned with an impetuous movement toward a lamp which was burning in the dark and narrow hall.

"You are the Marquis de Chautonnay," said he.

"And you are Godfrey Chassong," I returned."

"I knew it!" broke in Jacques impetuously. "I knew there would mischief be done when madame set the vile sans-culotte at liberty!"

The marquis turned with a questioning glance to his wife. She took no apparent heed, except to bid him proceed with his narrative.

"Well, with that he squeezed me into a small closet, and shut the door. 'No noise,' he whispered, and I was alone. About midnight, when the butchers had completed their bloody task, or desisted from slaughter through exhaustion, he returned, wrapped a mantle around me, and brought me thus disguised in safety from the Abbey. For three days I shared with him his miserable home in one of

the remoter suburbs. In the meantime, he procured for me a certificate, which, stamped, sealed, and signed by Danton himself, bore testimony to my republican principles, and opened to me the gates of Paris. Once in the open country, I gave Chassong half my remaining ready money. We parted; he to join the forces under General Dumoriez, and fight against the Prussians, whilst I made my way hither on foot, not daring to risk the chances of the Jacobin emissaries by travelling in the post. But the strangest part of all was, that Chassong would not confess to me his motive for saving my life, and whenever I spoke of gratitude, his invariable reply was—"You must thank the marquise, your wife, not me." Is it possible, my dear wife, that you found means to hire this ruffian to rescue me from the jaws of certain death?"

"My heart did not err, after all!" said the marquise, with a significant smile. But before

she had time to reply to the question of her husband, Jacques interrupted with—"That is it! What a fool I was not to see it before! Those sans-culottes are ready to betray their own cause for a few francs. The mean, cowardly, treacherous dogs! Yes, milord, madame hired him, and sent him to Paris to save you, and I myself let him secretly out of this house and started him on his journey. I can tell you all about it."

"It is true, and yet it is not true, my husband," said the marquise solemnly; "I sent him to you, but it was all unknown to myself, and there are other obligations stronger than those of mere money. Let us remember that in even the vilest of men there still remains a spark of goodness which may be kindled into a flame—that none are so base as to be incapable of gratitude. Let us give God the honor for your deliverance! His be the thanks and praise!" "Amen," was the reverent response.

SOUTHEY.

BY C.

THE ancestors of Robert Southey were not particularly celebrated, except that some of them had risen in rebellion with the Duke of Monmouth, and had narrowly escaped such law as was administered by the harsh and austere chief-justice of the last King James. The father of Southey was, when quite young, sent from his native county of Somerset to London, to a kinsman of the family, who was engaged in trade, in order that by some easy process he might attain wealth and dignity. The young farmer was not pleased with the city, being very fond of rural affairs and field sports, and he often sighed for the green pastures, running streams, and shady orchards of his native shire. But the relative died, and he transferred himself to Bristol, and entered the store of a linen-draper, the principal shop in that rich old town. While he was here, it was his fortune to become acquainted with the son of a widow lady, who resided on a small estate that had belonged to the family for many generations. He formed an intimacy with the family, was their regular Sunday guest, fell in love with one of the daughters, married her, and commenced business on his own account. This daughter of the widow lady was very well educated, and refined in taste and manners.

Such were the father and mother of Robert Southey, who was born August 12, 1774. By the time he was two years old, he manifested a very sensitive disposition, and was often affected to tears by the songs and stories which were sung and recited to him. When still less than three years old, he was removed from the influences of his amiable mother, and placed with Miss Tyler, his mother's half sister, at Bath. She was a person of imperious will and of violent temper. The discipline of the young poet was now irksome and despotic, but being much in the company of sensible people, he mused and romanced at an early age. As soon as Southey had learned to read, his mother sent him a number of children's books, which were much prized and eagerly perused. At the age of six he returned to his father's house, where he was at liberty to walk in the fields, which was the greatest of pleasures to him, and he rejoiced exceedingly to be free from the incessant vigilance of his aunt; he now enjoyed comparative freedom. Southey now became the pupil of a Baptist minister for one year, and then spent some time at a boarding-school. Before he was eight years old, he had read with avidity the works of Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher,

and his fancy glowed with romantic and beautiful thoughts and charming visions, and he even now wrote some pretty poetry. One day he said, It is the easiest thing in the world to write a play, for you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and make them say it. During his twelfth and thirteenth years, Southey, ever eager in his beloved pursuit, exercised his poetic powers with much industry and enthusiastic perseverance. He searched and labored diligently to make himself master of the necessary historic facts and information relating to the particular subject about which he was writing. Even at this early date, he was fitting and accomplishing himself, by solitary and unaided study, and by practice in the coining and structure of sentences, for the career which he selected.

Southey had a genuine love for poetry, and studied with an ardor, patience, and resolution in the highest degree creditable to himself, rarely if ever equalled, and never surpassed by any one. When he was fourteen he was sent to Westminster School, and a clergyman, his mother's brother, offered to defray the expenses of his education. About this time his father died, and left but very little property; but Miss Tyler, by the death of her mother, had come into possession of her father's estate, and flushed with pride at the acquirements of her nephew, took him under her protection. After leaving Westminster, Southey passed some time at Oxford, and in 1792, when he was eighteen, entered Balliol College. On becoming acquainted with Coleridge, they formed a romantic scheme of organizing a colony on a thoroughly social basis. They were to purchase land in America to reside on, and all were to be married men. He soon engaged the affections and hand of his amiable Edith, with whom he lived so happily; she was willing to accompany him to the land of promise which his fancy had pictured. But when Miss Tyler was informed that he had selected a partner for life without consulting her wishes, her sudden and merciless wrath fell upon him. The night was rainy, but she turned him out of doors, and never saw his face again. Southey was now, for the first time, dependent entirely on his own resources. After wasting much time and care, the scheme of a colony was abandoned as impracticable. With a view to his welfare, his uncle, Mr. Hill, urged and persuaded him to go with him to Lisbon, where the clergyman was chaplain to the factory, his reverend patron thinking that a change of scene and society would dissipate

and banish all his fine visions of love and emigration.

On the eve of his departure, he led his adored Edith to the altar, and received her as his bride, thus uniting their fortunes forever, but parted with her at the portico of the church. He also made arrangements for the publication of "Joan of Arc." The poem appeared while the author was absent from the country. He returned in 1796, after an absence of two years. He immediately prepared for publication his "Letters from Spain and Portugal." He was then duly entered as a student at Gray's Inn, and made an attempt to study law, but he soon discovered that either law or poetry must be given up, so Blackstone was neglected, and poetry chosen for the business of his life. He now took a small house in the beautiful village of Westbury, where, with his amiable wife, he was very happy. Trusting to his pen for support and distinction, he was one of the most industrious of men.

He published a volume of minor poems—"Madoc," "Metrical Tales," "Thalaba, the Destroyer," "The Curse of Kehama," and "Roderick, the Last of the Goths." Also, in prose, his "Life of Nelson," and "Life of Wesley."

In 1801, Southey was appointed private secretary to the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, and accompanied him to Dublin. Soon after this a pension was bestowed on him by government. He pursued his avocations with keen and constant diligence. He wrote perpetually. He contributed to "Lardner's Cyclopædia," and in 1809, when the "Quarterly Review" was established, he furnished several of the most prominent articles. In 1821, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Oxford. On the death of Mr. Pye, the poet-laureate, Southey was appointed to the place. He was offered a baronetcy, and a seat in Parliament, but declined them both. He acted with wisdom and prudence, and left a considerable fortune, the result of his industry. He died March 21, 1843. An inscription to his memory was furnished by the venerable Bard of Rydal Mount, who succeeded him in the laureateship, and was soon laid at rest near his former compeer.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

RUST ON DINNER-KNIVES.—Cover the steel with sweet oil, well rubbing it on; let them remain forty-eight hours, and then, using unslacked lime finely powdered, rub the knife until all the rust has disappeared.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"... Like a voice from the grave, saying, 'Here dwelleth some sadness, but no despair.'"

CHAPTER I.

SHE came over the bridge, a little out of breath with her rapid walk, for it was getting dark and chilly now; heavy, blackish clouds, like the hulks of old men-of-war, had anchored themselves low about the horizon; going down behind them, half an hour before, the sun had a last, dismal, anxious outlook, and the earth, in its turn, looked up at the sun with something pitiful, haggard in its face. It had done its best for that year, and now the frosts had come, and crisped, and withered, and blackened everywhere.

Faded leaves still hugged the branches and shivered in the winds, clinging forlornly, one with a little imagination might fancy, to happy memories of great, cool depths of greenness, and winds rustling and birds singing across them, through pleasant June mornings.

What a wide, dismal gloom the landscape had, with the slow mists crawling up like unclean spirits from the distant swamps, and the murk of evening settling drearily upon everything; yet the year had only grown what we all must in a little while—old! old!

Some thoughts of this sort passed through the mind of the young woman as she moved across the long, covered bridge rather too rapidly for grace; yet you could never have mistaken her for anything but a lady. I use the word in its old, fine meaning, not in that modern, vulgar, indiscriminate one, which takes no account of anything but a fair, showy outside, no matter how essentially coarse and hard may be the nature underneath.

Everybody at Hedgerows knew the gray wrapping shawl, and the simple brown hat above it, for they were out in all weathers, off on long walks among the country roads and hills; and there clung to the wearer a slight reputation for oddness and independence. People had vague notions that she did not square her opinions and life after received patterns; and, if the truth must be told, were a little afraid of her, or, at least, were afraid of petty disguises and affectations before her, for she had a glance that dived deep into things and souls, and a sudden irony that could smite strong and deep, only this lay on the surface—

a little, thin, rough rind after all, beneath which lay the sound, wholesome ripeness of her character.

This young woman, Jacqueline Thayne, whom I want you to know and to love, and whom, with what power of heart and brain I have, I shall try to make clear to you, had one of those faces most difficult to write about, fair and delicate; yet its charm does not consist in its being these. An earnest, thoughtful face, with a wonderful sweetness which comes into it at times like the spirit of its lost childhood stealing back and looking out of it; a low, broad forehead under its crown of fine, dark hair; eyes in whose dark, luminous browns, and in the flushed lips beneath, you touch the secret power of the face, one which—and this, after all, is the best thing to say of any human face, whether it be beautiful or homely—to know it best is to love it most.

Just as the girl reached the end of the bridge, something stumbled upon and nearly upset her. It proved to be a small, shock-headed boy, with a heap of yellowish, whitish hair, looking much like "a pile of badly picked oakum." The face which looked up at the girl had an old, wizened look—a child's face, yet it seemed with all the childhood long ago oozed out of it, and left, instead, a sharp, pinched, wilted sort of mask, that made you think of fruit withered long before it was ripe.

In the single instant that followed their collision, when both involuntarily drew back, Jacqueline took it all in, the small, shambling figure, the dirty, whitish hair above the young, wizened face, like fruit withered before ripeness, the startled look in the dull eyes that seemed of no particular color. And the boy, in his turn, saw for one moment the wide, beautiful eyes, the flushed lips, the delicate face under the brown hat. And then they passed on out of the covered bridge and left him.

The girl went on more rapidly than ever down the steep slope of the road, as though she was anxious to get away from some disagreeable thing. Then, of a sudden, she stopped short. Look at her there, the chilly wind making sudden dashes at her hair, the live

flushes in her cheek, the fair, oval profile cut out darkly against the gathering murk—if anybody chanced to be standing on the river bank, far below, in the shadow of the bridge—it would be worth looking up—the sight of that girl's face.

It stands there a moment, doubtful, irresolute, behind it, busy thoughts moving on.

"You'll only make a fool of yourself, Jacqueline. Where's the use? You can't carry the world on your shoulders now. It's late, and cold, and you're fagged out and chilled through, you know you are, with this imprudently long walk—as though this miserable old world wasn't full of just such forlorn little wretches as that one. And how are you going to help it?"

Behind these thoughts, which came up swift and clamoring in the girl's soul, slipped some other ones, with tones as soft as the singing of night-winds among the tops of a forest of firs. After all, it's only a little sacrifice—a few steps backward, a few moments, and a few kind words, and it's most likely the only chance you'll have of doing a generous act this day. Perhaps it will send a ray of comfort into the heart of that poor, little, forlorn wretch—who knows? It's a poor muddle of a life, in which everybody seems to have lost his way. Ah! your old, grand dreams of blessing and elevating your race won't stand the test of one poor, haggard beggar on the highway"—a faint smile, with a touch in it of scorn and sadness, catching itself about her mouth.

Meanwhile, however, she had turned back, hurried across the long, covered bridge again, and found the boy at the other end of it.

There was a light, imperative kind of touch on his shoulder, and, turning, he saw the brown hat, and the face of the lady under it.

"Here are some pennies, child." She had been fumbling into her pocket-book as she walked. "Go right up to the baker's now and get you a card of fresh gingerbread. It will taste good, won't it?"—dropping half a dozen nickel coins into the grimed, scrawny palm that stuck itself out.

"Yes'm," answered the child, down his throat and through his nose; but into the dull eyes, watery with his cold, there came a sudden light of startled pleasure.

The woman saw it. She had a heart easily touched. She put her hand out now, and laid it on the dirty pile of hair, her thoughts going again—"Lousy, I dare say, or scald-head; but, you miserable little ragamuffin, I'm sorry for you. God made you, as well as me, and I can

take no especial credit on my side for the difference between us; yet, having made you—for what reason, He knows, I don't—it's natural he should care for you more than He does for me, as I've had the best chance thus far."

You see, now, that the people of Hedgerows were right when they thought Jacqueline Thayne a little odd. How many women, stopping a beggar on the highway, would have had precisely such thoughts as these!

Whatever the boy may have felt in view of the pennies and the prospective gingerbread, I think the touch of that woman's fingers on his head, and her pitiful, half-absent, "Poor child! poor child!" which was all of her thoughts that got as far as her lips, went deeper than the sight of the pennies or the cravings of his stomach, although, to tell the honest truth, this latter was in a half-starved condition at that particular moment.

He looked up with a glimmer of intelligence and feeling through the heavy mould of the features; beyond that, something, half-awed and half-curious, in his face, which was more pathetic than all the rest, showing how a small, kindly word or act was something quite strange to him. Jacqueline noticed it, and, with her, to notice such a look was to feel it.

"I see you are poor and forlorn, and must have a hard time of it"—going straight to whatever wit or heart there was in the child. "I see your clothes are old and ragged, and not half warm enough for such a night. I'm sorry for you, from my heart; but never mind. Boys have worn just such old clothes, and had just such a long, tough time of it, and yet come out braver and better men in the end for all the poverty and struggle. Don't you give up now. Keep a good heart, do what is right, and make up your mind that a good, honest man shall come up one of these days out of the old clothes and the hungry little boy."

The big mouth wide open, the eyes on the woman's face, drinking in every word that she spoke, as though she were some beautiful sibyl, her lips freighted with solemn prophecies of his destiny. She noticed that, too.

"The boys laugh at you sometimes, for your old clothes, I suppose. It would be like some of them."

"Yes'm—they make fun of me."

"I wish I could hear them once. I should like to tell them how far you, in your old clothes, were above the mean, cowardly souls that could make sport out of your poverty, and that all their fun was shame and disgrace to them, not you."

There was a real light now in the rough cutting of this boy's face, which had something of faces you sometimes see on coarse pottery, with this difference on the boy's side—there was a soul behind it, and it came into his face now.

It did not into his words, though, for he only said "Yes'm" again, and clutched the pennies tighter in his little, dirty palm. But Jacqueline did not want any words. At her own, she had seen the boy's soul grope and glimmer up into his face.

"Next time you are very hungry, and see no way to get your dinner, come up to the great, gray-stone house behind the hill, and I'll give—no, I won't promise that, but, at least, I'll see that you earn your dinner. It will taste sweeter for doing that; and you don't want to be a beggar when you can help it. Now go and buy your gingerbread," and she turned again and went over the bridge, and the boy stood still, gazing after her.

I suppose the whole talk had occupied less than three minutes. Whether it had done any good—well, Jacqueline Thayne had very little faith in that. She had had her grand dreams, as she called them, once, of having a career, and doing something for her race which should shine resplendent through all time, like Jeanne d'Arc or Florence Nightingale; but the old dreams and visions had paled slowly, leaving a vague sadness and impatience in their stead.

Somebody did happen to be standing on the river bank under the shadow of the bridge, at that particular moment, when Jacqueline, having crossed, paused a moment on the road, and somebody, looking up, caught the sight of the profile that had such a rare, finished look under the brown hat, against the gathering murk of the night.

He turned to his companion, who had just secured a small rowboat to the bank, touching his shoulder, and pointing to the figure above, saying, in a low tone—"See there, Draper."

So both of the young men stood still, and looked at the face until it turned suddenly and disappeared upon the bridge.

The first speaker turned to the other then. "Fine, wasn't it?" he said. "If she had been studying that effect for a day, she could not have made a better thing of it."

Sydney Weymouth had at times a flippant way of speaking which jarred on Philip Draper, a little like a sudden discord across some general harmony; for, that there must have been some superficial harmony between them, such as lies in tastes, mutual cultivation, and things of that sort, was proved by the fact that for the

last fortnight the young men had almost daily found time for a short tramp in the woods, or an hour or two's fishing down the river, or a brisk trot over to the Bend; and they talked books, and birds, and dogs, and horses so well together, that one might have fancied—that is, I mean one whose plummet did not go to any profound depths—that they had a good deal in common.

"Studying effects, Weymouth, I should as soon say that of one of Raphael's Madonnas," answered young Draper; and then they both stood silently watching the two figures on the bridge.

Of course, they were quite too far off to catch even the faintest murmur of the voices, but the gestures of the two had a language of their own. There was a mute pathos in the boy's face which never could have groped its way out from all his want and misery to his lips, as he stood there, looking up at the lady with her hand on his head—that action, too, having an eloquence of its own which needed no words.

The two young men, standing below, watched the shawled figure as it returned at last over the bridge and disappeared down the road out of their sight. Then they turned and smiled one upon the other. And this time young Weymouth did not have anything over about "studied effects."

"Do you know that lady?" asked Philip Draper, showing by that question that he was comparatively a stranger at Hedgerows.

"Oh! yes—Miss Jacqueline Thayne. She is one of our old neighbors. She lives with her uncle in the odd-looking, gray-stone house on the back road behind the pond, a regular greenery of hedges and shrubs in front. The outside of the house, even, is worth seeing. It has a curious effect on me—always has an air of hoary antiquity and silence about it; although I played blind man's buff among the foundations when they were being laid."

"Oh! I remember the house perfectly," answered the other, with animation. "I came upon it suddenly coming out of the pine woods the other day. The whole house has a curious, peaceful, Middle Age air about it that seems singularly out of place in this brisk, hurried, little New England town; something wonderfully comfortable and homelike, too, about it all. I remember this struck me so strongly at the time, that I thought I'd give almost anything for permission to go and lie down for an hour, in the afternoon sunshine, under one of those young larches in a corner of the grounds," speaking half to himself.

"You'd only to ask the owner, and he'd have lifted his hat and asked you in with a smile and an air that would just suit the owner of that house and those grounds."

"What is his name, Weymouth?"

"Algernon Thayne, a scholar and a gentleman—an old bachelor, too; something a little odd about him; you'd know it from that house—in the veins of the race, I fancy. He is a kind of gentleman farmer, has some splendid acres in the low land beyond the pond, but an overseer has really the charge of men and work, and the owner gives more time to his library than to his fields."

"A rich man, then?"

"Well, he passed for one at Hedgerows before the war; but his figures wouldn't foot up heavily now outside a country town. Not exactly the stuff, you see, out of which great fortunes are made. A man must love money to make it."

Young Draper stuck the heel of his boot into the wet sand by the river. He had had of late a good many perplexing thoughts on this same subject of money. He fancied he was growing very hard and material, and that, on the whole, there was nothing better for him to do.

In a moment he looked up. "Miss Thayne is an orphan?"

"Yes; and her uncle's idol. She has lived with him from a child. I have not seen her for years. College, and going abroad, and all that sort of thing, has quite put the old townspeople out of my horizon. But Jacqueline and I are old friends, for she was the only little girl at Hedgerows I cared to visit before I was started off to fit for college. I was ready to give up a nutting or sail with the boys any day for a visit to the stone cottage and its piquant little mistress, she was so bright, frank, honest; none of those airs and affectations to which the feminine mind and character takes so naturally before it is out of long clothes."

Young Weymouth laughed so good-naturedly, that, though the words jarred again a little, Philip Draper smiled in turn, and then the former went on.

"I should have expected something of the sort we've seen, from the kind of little girl Jacqueline Thayne was. She's turned out a fine-looking woman, too. I ought to go round and see her, for our old friendship's sake. Strange I haven't thought of it before."

Philip Draper found a pang of envy shooting across his soul at the "Open Sesame" which his companion possessed to the gray-stone house. It seemed to him, for the moment, that all the

ripe plums fell to young Weymouth's share, while only sour, gnarled, tough-rinded ones fell into the cap of his life.

I will do Philip Draper the justice to say here that envying others' good fortune was not a frequent frame of his mind; but there were a good many reasons why his courage and his native good spirits, nay, his very moral tone, had sunk to an unusually low temperature at this time.

I suppose the devil is always on the look out for any cranny through which he can whisk himself into our souls.

The two young men form a strong contrast as they stand side by side on the river bank, with the little rowboat, almost like a toy, keeping time with the throbbing of the tide at their very feet.

Young Weymouth would, I suppose, be called the handsomer man of the two by most young ladies. He himself has no doubt on that subject, having a secret conviction that, in mind, body, and estate, he, Sydney Weymouth, has been especially favored by the blind goddess; yet he is too shrewd, and has too good taste, to let his vanity show much on the surface. A rather tall, well-built young man, with a carriage that sets off the figure to the best advantage; abundant dark hair, and dark eyes, too, with a gleam of shrewdness and good-humor in them; a dark, clear complexion, and a handsome mustache; and altogether a rather prepossessing presence and air. "What more in the world could you ask of a fellow in the way of looks?" Sydney Weymouth would wonder.

His companion is several inches shorter, and several shades lighter; a broad-chested, rather stalwart-looking young man, nothing striking, as I know of, at first. His head and his face, come to look steadily at them, are on rather a Teutonic mould; thick, fine, brownish hair; large, intelligent features; clear, gray eyes, that will bear searching steadily into, and that, carrying no shame or cowardice in them, will look steadily back in turn; a mouth not hidden by any mustache, and that has, when quite closed, a certain grim resoluteness about it which does not add to the attractiveness of the face, but which, after all, gives you a key to unlock one side of this man's character; and the smile, when it comes, clear, warm, and pleasant as a child's, gives you a key to the other side.

"Well, Weymouth," glancing at the basket in one corner of the boat, "there's our trophy of perch and trout. You're welcome to my share of the plunder."

"Oh! no, Draper; that isn't fair. We'll divide."

"In that case, I should have to put my portion into their native element again. My landlady wouldn't look benignly on a present that involves broiling and a red nose for her share. You've a home where you can carry whatever falls into your net, Weymouth."

He spoke the last words in a very light tone; so light that it seemed to form a contrast with them; and one on the watch for signs might have fancied the lightness covered some ache or loneliness beneath—which they did, sure enough.

Perhaps it struck young Weymouth, also. He was a good-natured fellow. All his college chums would take their oath, if necessary, on that. Always ready to do a crony a good turn, in his easy, off-hand way.

"Come home with me and eat your share, Draper. Peggy will serve them up brown in a trice, at my asking."

"Thank you, Weymouth, sincerely, but I've some matters to send off by to-morrow's mail, and that is made up early. So, good-night."

They had been gathering in their fishing-tackle while this talk was going on. It was growing dark now, and occasionally a star put a shy, frightened kind of face outside the gray clouds for a moment, and then disappeared as suddenly.

Each of the young men shouldered his rod now, shook hands cordially, and went his way—Weymouth trolling some old English ditty to himself, and Philip Draper, not humming any ditty at all, but, with an underlying feeling that fortune had made a kind of football of him for the last ten years, and that it would go on so to the end. He should never get into the good graces of the blind woman; but, for all that, he would never put off the harness or give up the fight—his large-moulded jaws setting themselves more grimly than ever.

In a few moments, however, the scene came back to him which he had witnessed on the bridge that night—the jaws, the whole face even, slowly relaxing, and a smile coming about the mouth—a smile that brought up along with it something from the man's soul—the sight of a generous deed always inspires a generous nature. Somehow the murk of the night, the world itself, and his own part in it, did not look so dark afterward to Philip Draper, going home to his boarding-house that night.

CHAPTER II.

In the library of the gray-stone house, that evening, the uncle and the niece sat together. It was the pleasantest room in the house to both of them, and was a little odd, like the inmates. I cannot tell in precisely what particulars, only I know you would at once have felt the occupants of that room must possess some native individuality.

A moderately sized apartment, with dark wainscoting, plethoric book-cases on two sides; on the others, a few choice engravings and landscapes in oils, a cabinet of rare shells and minerals, with two or three small marble groups and statuettes, and pretty, rustic baskets here and there; a long, green library-table, with books and papers scattered over it, and a carpet in dark green, too. This library was evidently put to daily uses, and was pervaded all through with some sense of human life, and cosyness, and home. You knew, by some instinct, that a daily life went on here, of thought, feeling, enjoyment.

The central features of the room to-night, however, are the two figures before the fire—a man, well-looking in his face, you feel he may be all the way from fifty-two to sixty-five. His hair is quite gray, but under it what a fine, strong face there is; not handsome, exactly, but better than that; a thick beard, too, like Hamlet's father's—a sable, silvered; and such keen, pleasant eyes, of a dark grayish brown; a large, stoutly built man, growing slightly corpulent with years; the spring and the summer of his life are passed now, perhaps were a good while ago, but the autumn is full of a strong glow, like wine, full of ripeness, and strength, and sunshine; an autumn whose peace and blessedness has far more real happiness than the fire and panting restlessness of youth; such a hale, vigorous, ripe autumn, as can only follow a youth and manhood pure and sweet, and filled with good uses.

By the man's side sits his niece, in a low, favorite seat, a sort of hybrid between a camp-stool and an arm-chair. Overhead, English ivy trails across the mantle, and winds its cool, green fibres over the ceiling, and makes a kind of bower of shadow and greenness there. Indeed, it is astonishing how much of outdoor life, of woody scents, and browns, and greens, has managed somehow to get into this library. Through all the indoor warmth and homelikeness you have a vague sense of the quivering of leaves and cool, shady depths of greenery, with winds singing their own tunes among them. Yet, when you come to look around to find the source of this feeling, there are only rustic

baskets depending here and there, filled with mosses, and leaves, and clasping vines, and glittering berries in the corners; and through all that strange, sweet scent of woody growths, as though it had trailed in from the forest on some autumn noon, and clung there ever afterward.

For a full quarter of an hour, by the Swiss clock on the mantle, the two sitting there have not spoken, gazing into the depths of the fire—a bright wood fire, sparkling and humming up the chimney like a hive of crimson bees, filling the room with heat and glow, so that one could dispense well enough with the soft moonlight through the shaded lamps on the table.

At last the man leans down, places his hand on the girl's hair, and says—"Well, Jacqueline?" and he need hardly say anything more to convey to you a sense of the warm place that girl has in his heart.

She looks up now; her face is always like some of his favorite books to him, wherein he can read sundry and fresh meanings, and it is worth seeing just now, this face of Jacqueline Thayne; the light has been growing up slowly to it, as you have seen the moonlight grow slowly over the mountain tops, and fill the sky all around it, when, as yet, there was no sign of the risen moon, yet her first remark, outside of its tone, is a very commonplace one—"O Uncle Alger! how pleasant the fire is."

"Very. What has it been saying to you, my child?"

"Many things; a very singing of thrushes among my thoughts. If it had been a coal fire, it would have been so different. There is always a great silence and heat about that, which suggest to me the still caverns and the long, dark cycles where the fuel has lain, but a wood fire is always full of quivering life, sparkle, motion, like the woods that made it. One feels in it, somehow, the very quiver of the sunshine, the thrilling of sap in the strong, old veins, the flutter of leaves, the song of birds, and the swinging of mighty storms through the branches. After all, this fire seems a fitting death for the trees. It doesn't hurt one as so many things one has to put up with in this world do."

"That's a pretty thought, little Jacqueline," said her uncle. "The poetry was always in you from the beginning, and it will be to the end."

She smiled upon him now, such a smile as no other human being had yet the power to draw up into the face of Jacqueline Thayne. Outside, there was a clattering of winds like horsemen going to and fro, and making ready,

in hot haste, for the battle, and suddenly a wrathful dash of rain against the windows.

"What a night this is outside!" she said, yet she did not say it, as most young women would, with a shiver, drawing nearer the fire, but with a flash of strong enjoyment in the words. "How I do love these wild, wrestling nights, the tempest and the darkness. I fancy my feeling approaches, as nearly as a woman's can, to that

'Stern joy which warriors feel'

in the tumult and heat of the battle. Uncle Alger, were there any gypsies among my ancestors?"

"Not a ghost of a legend of one, my dear."

"Not a chance for me, then. I wanted to feel that I came honestly by this passion of mine for all out-door moods and things, this love of nature in all her moods and frenzies."

"Never mind hunting up any title-deeds to your soul's rights among your dead ancestors. You came honestly by the love, Jacqueline; it is your nature's own birthright. That's enough for you, and all the rest of your kind."

She smiled up at him again, that sweet, thoughtful smile, in which eyes and lips held their own part.

"Uncle Alger, you always find just the wise, kindly words that clear the way out of my doubts and perplexities. What should I do without you?" and she leaned her arm on his knee, and looked up in his face.

"Without an old man like me, child? Sometimes I'm half afraid that I've made some mistake—that it wasn't the best thing to give all those fresh years of youth and blossoming to a prosy old fellow slipping out of his prime, and a bachelor at that."

"Uncle Alger, how could so sensible a man have so silly a thought?"

He laughed at her way of turning on him. He knew the little sharpness of wit which lay on the outside of the warm, sunny, healthful nature. It gave a kind of fine pungency, he had often thought, to the sweetness of her character. Still, when the laugh was done, he looked at the face upturned to his in a trust and sweetness that seemed, as I said before, the lost spirit of its childhood looking out there again, and his eyes grew serious.

"Sometimes I think I'm a selfish fellow to stay here at home and not start off to show you more of the world; but as a man gets old, inertia of body and brain grows on him; and I like the dear old rookery here so well, I can't make up my mind to leave it and go tumbling about the world, even to show you all the grand sights; and there seemed such very good rea-

sons for putting it off until next year, as each came along, and each one I've grown a little older, and a little less inclined to move."

"I'm in no hurry, uncle, only I don't like to hear you talk about growing old."

"Why not, child, with this gray mane of mine?" running his fingers through his hair, while the silver glistened like hoarfrost.

"But growing old means a great many things I never like to dwell on. O uncle! it seems as though you and I must always live together just as we do now," and she drew closer to him, with a little gesture not just like her, for it hinted at dread or fear, and she was a brave woman, this Jacqueline Thayne.

The man looked at her with something in his eyes, I fancy, such as Prospero's must have worn when he said to Miranda:

"Oh! a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me."

"Don't trouble yourself about the future, dear child; God will take care of that."

Her eyes went off again to the fire—to the swarming and the buzzing sparks up the chimney.

"But God has such a strange way of caring for His world, Uncle Alger," she said, and the vision of the little, ragged, wizened, shock-headed boy, who had run against her that night on the bridge, came up once more.

"A strange way," repeated her uncle; "as far above our ways as the heavens are above the earth; but sometime we shall find it is the only way of love and wisdom."

Jacqueline did not reply. She had begun to feel these days that she was dreadfully wicked; the old, perplexing problems of human life and immortal destiny, weighed heavily upon her soul at times. The sorrow and suffering, the sin, too, she met on every side when she looked out in the world, distressed and tortured her; and for her own soul, it seemed at times to have lost its way, and to go shivering and groping through the wilderness, and there were no lights shining from her Father's house into the dark. And Jacqueline's soul wanted what all human souls do, what hers did, with a vague, conscious ache and yearning—God.

Sometimes she could talk of these things—sometimes she could not. This was one of the latter times. But again she sat still, looking into the fire, and listening to the clatter of winds outside, and the passionate plunges of the rain, and wondering what she was in the world for, and whether she had any work set her to do here, whether she was ever likely to find that out, or whether death would not come

some day and find she had failed to do the thing that was set her to do; underlying all, a restlessness, dissatisfaction, and weariness of life, which was natural enough when one does not feel certain that God has not left one out of His general plan; has a cold, shuddering doubt at times whether He had any general plan at all, but left His world to grope and stumble along, like most human beings, as best it might.

Her uncle suspected pretty nearly what was going on in the girl's soul. He would have been glad to help her, for he had been through the same desert of drouth and gloom; but there are times when it is wisest not to speak. Fortunately, Algernon Thayne knew what these were.

At last she looked away from the fire, and regarded the man sitting there with some curious, intent look, half amused, half puzzled, too. The riddles had not ceased to perplex her. But one cannot always grope among mysteries, and it was pleasant, after all, to come back to the warm human presence and human love in the library that night, while outside the rain and the wind held their long battle. What if, after all, this was the surest way to finding an answer to Jacqueline's problems?

"Well, what do you think of me on the whole?" Mr., or Squire, Thayne, as the farm hands universally called him, came up suddenly out of his book, in which he had been buried for the last half hour.

"I was contrasting you just then with the world's notion of an old bachelor. You know what that is—made up of crustiness, fussiness, whims, oddities, and selfishness."

"Yes; I know, Jacqueline."

"Well, uncle, I'm not sure it's not the true one in most cases. The world blunders and bumbles toward a good many sound conclusions, and I know you have a fervent faith in the blessings of matrimony."

"Fervent! the man or the woman who misses that, misses the best thing in life, although I think usually the man, in that case, is worse off than the woman, because he is more material, perhaps, and gravitates lower without her influence, sympathies, help. We've tried the thing pretty fairly in the early settlements of California and Australia, and with all our outlying territories; it's the old story over again. If you will keep us from sinking into brutes, let us have our wives, mothers, sisters about us."

Jacqueline laughed a little, yet she said gravely enough the next moment—"But there are men, occasionally—at least, I might name

one—who do not seem to lose anything by having forsworn matrimony. I think, however, that can only be said of rare and exceptional natures."

"No," said Squire Thayne, looking absently into the fire. "The man himself, who has gone through this life without a woman to shelter and to love, to trust always, to lean on sometimes, knows better than any other what he has lost; how much poorer and weaker he is in many ways than he would have been with her."

"And, Uncle Alger, if this be the dreadful fact with old bachelors, what do you say of old maids?"

"My remarks hold measurably true in the case of your sex; yet, with yours as with ours, only one thing justifies marriage, and without that, man or woman is better going alone."

She leaned toward him now, a little rose-flush dawning in her cheeks, a very decided expression around her mouth.

"I shall do that, uncle. I have made up my mind to old maidenhood."

"O you foolish child!" tapping her on the cheeks, "I hope not—I pray the best good may be in store for you."

"I shall never love anybody as well as you, Uncle Alger. I don't want to, even," pursing her lips very decidedly.

"Silly child!" he said, "silly child!" But she knew he meant something very different from that.

"Yet I cannot understand, Uncle Alger," speaking half to herself, "how, being precisely the man you are, and holding the theories you do, you have never loved any woman enough, at least, to marry her?"

"You cannot, Jacqueline?"

Something struck her in the tones; and she drew her breath to listen, rather to them than to the furies of winds, and the heavy tramp of the rain outside.

(To be continued.)

TWO LIVES WRECKED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

"YOUR story has done me no good," said a gentleman with whom I fell recently into conversation.

"What story?" I asked.

"The one called 'NOT MYSELF.'"

"It was not written for your edification," I answered.

"Would to heaven it had been written, and that I had read it twenty years ago!" he said with an emphasis that startled me. "Then it *might* have done me good; *might* have saved me from a life of wretchedness; and not me only, but another who was dearer to me than life."

I knew something of the man's history. After living with his wife for nearly twenty years, he had separated from her, and was now divorced. The application came from him on a charge of infidelity.

"That story," he continued, "came to me like a revelation; but, alas! too late. As just said, it has done me no good—has only filled my soul with exquisite pain. I see, as I never saw before, the cause of a momentary folly that ruined my whole life. 'I was not myself.' That, I knew; but the origin of that strange hallucination in which I acted the poor, weak

fool, I did not suspect until your story made it plain. I thank you for others, whom it may do good; but not for myself."

His concluding sentence was spoken with much bitterness.

"You know my wretched story," he said, after a little while. "It is public property."

"So much of it as is public property—no more," I replied. "And that is not much."

"Not much! Heaven knows that!" His eyes gleamed, and I saw him shiver. "Twenty years of a married life that ends in divorce is no child's play, my friend!"

He drew his arm into mine, saying, in a low, muffled voice that he steadied with difficulty—"Come! I want to talk with you. Maybe it will do me good. But I don't know."

He was a lawyer of considerable ability, named Austin, and had once been in good practice at the Philadelphia bar; but of late years had neglected his business, and fallen into bad habits.

I went with him to his office.

"No child's play, my friend," he said with less agitation of manner, repeating the words spoken a little while before. He had offered

me a chair, and then taken one directly in front of me. "And to think," he added, now speaking very calmly, but oh! so bitterly, "that all this wretched life turned on the pivot of a single moment; a moment when *I was not myself*! a moment when wine took the place of reason. Shall I tell you the whole story?"

"It may do you good," I replied.

"Ah! so I thought when I asked you to come here. Have you patience to listen?"

"Go on."

"I shall make a clean breast of it," said he. "Maybe it will do me good; maybe it will not. You know Mrs. Akers?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember her as she was over twenty years ago?"

"Very well."

"Before her marriage?"

"Yes."

"She was not regarded as either brilliant or beautiful; but to me, there was a charm and grace about her that drew me irresistibly to her side. I was a young, ambitious man, and before meeting with Miss Clayton—afterward Mrs. Akers—had looked to marriage as a means of social and worldly advancement. No such advancement could result from an alliance with Miss Clayton. Her family had neither large wealth nor high position. So, at first, I did not think of her as other than a pleasant friend; though every time I met her in company I felt the sphere of a sweet attraction that steadily grew stronger and stronger.

"Suddenly I awoke to the fact that Annie Clayton was more to me than any woman I had ever met. Then, worldliness, ambition, and other meaner influences sought to put out the fire of love which had been kindled in my heart. But this heavenly fire cannot be extinguished; for it is fed with divine substances. I believed it then—I know it now.

"Another fire, less pure and not divine, began to send up a dull light in my soul. It never burned with a clear flame, nor with intense heat. It was the love of myself transformed into the appearance of love for a beautiful maiden. She was fair, and brilliant, and rich; but oh! so infinitely below Annie Clayton in all that goes to make up true womanly attractions, that I can find in my thought no ratio of comparison between them. Fascinating she was; for she knew by instinct the arts with which we are so often led blindly captive by woman. Why she laid her snares for me, I know not. It was the great error of her life, and the curse of mine.

"Steadily, and growing stronger day by day, burned in my heart the heavenly flame of love for Annie Clayton, until its delicious warmth pervaded and penetrated my whole being. I never felt so happy as when in her society. There was an atmosphere of peace and purity around her that always tranquillized my spirit, and awoke into life all the better impulses of my soul. Ambition felt the inspiration of nobler aims and truer ideals.

"How different were all my feelings when in the society of the brilliant and fascinating Margaret Claire. To be rich, to be honored of men, to have equipage and eminence, seemed, of all things, most desirable. I looked at her radiant face and queenly person, and thought of the eclat her possession would bring, or the envy it would excite. I knew, from her eyes and tones of voice and manner, when we were alone, that I had but to offer my hand. Only one thing held me back, and that was my love for Annie Clayton. Was that love returned? I believed so—nay, I was sure of it.

"One fatal evening I met them both at a grand entertainment. My head was cool and clear when I went there, and my heart true to its higher instincts. I knew that I should meet Annie, and the thought of her gave anticipation its highest pleasure. Toward Margaret I felt an unusual indifference.

"Early in the evening I met Annie, and never felt more strongly drawn toward her. The brilliant Margaret flashed before my eyes, but failed to win me from Annie's side. How poor and meagre seemed all her rich attractions to the simple grace of my heart's idol!

"When supper was announced, I gave my arm to Miss Clayton, and went with her to the supper-room. On leaving this room, half an hour afterward, Margaret Claire was on my arm.

"'It is so hot here,' she said, leaning heavily on me as we entered the half-deserted parlors. I drew her into the conservatory, where the air was cooler, and, seating her in a chair, stood and looked down into her dark, weird eyes, that were upturned to my face. I shall never forget how beautiful she looked, nor the strange fascination there was about her. As for me, I was like one in a bewildering dream. I saw nothing, felt nothing, cared for nothing, outside of this region of enchantment. And so, in a mad, blind impulse, I spoke a few hasty words that wrecked two lives.

"When I went back to the parlors, with Margaret leaning on my arm, the first eyes that met mine were the clear, tender, half-startled eyes of Annie Clayton. My own

dropped away from hers instantly. On lifting them again, and looking at her, I saw that a swift pallor had swept over her face, and that her eyes had a wild look of pain. My bewildering dream was over! I was no longer in a region of enchantment. My hot pulses lost their fever heat. A chill passed over me.

"I am a man of honor; and so there was no escape. I had offered myself in marriage, and been accepted, and nothing was left for me but to consummate that marriage.

"I never called again upon Annie Clayton. All the pure, tender, heavenly states of the soul she had awakened were buried out of sight, and the nobler aims she had inspired put far from me. I was to be of the earth, earthy, and the service I had to give must be for the god of this world. Ah me! what a service! And what a reward!"

He shivered as he said this—sat for a few moments, like one stunned into silence by the shock of some great emotion, and then went on:

"My next meeting with Annie was memorable. It occurred after my engagement with Margaret was known. I had gone to a summer boarding-house in a lovely region of country, fifty miles away from the city, to spend a week or two. On the morning after my arrival, I strolled into a neighboring wood, and soon found myself in a charming valley, through which ran pleasant paths, crossing and recrossing a stream that made the scene beautiful with tiny lakes and waterfalls. The hushed quiet of the woods, and the strange, breathless sense of isolation we sometimes feel when alone with nature, softened my feelings, while it strained every sensitive nerve to unwonted tension. Turning a sharp angle of the path in which I was walking, I came upon a rustic bench, on which a lady sat alone. I was only a few yards distant. My step startled her, and she looked up. It was Annie Clayton!

"The meeting was too sudden. We were both off guard. For an instant I stood as fixed as a statue, and she, half rising, startled, and pale as death, held me with a look that betrayed her passionate, hopeless love.

"There was only one right thing to do, and she did it. I would have been too weak. She drew herself up with sudden strength, bowed slightly, and then, with quick but steady steps, moved past me in the direction from which I had come. My strength was gone, and I went unsteadily to the seat from which she had arisen, and did not leave it for an hour. On the next morning I went away and spent my summer vacation in another region of country. Annie, I learned, was taken home a week afterward, very ill.

"In the winter I was married to Margaret Claire. I think she loved me as well as women of her nature, education, and false views of life, usually love their husbands. Perhaps she would have loved me in a deeper, truer way—been more a wife to me—if I had felt any love for her; and so we might have been indifferently happy together, instead of wretched, through many, many miserable years.

"Every now and then I met Annie Clayton. It seemed as if some malignant spirit, that took delight in torturing us both, would bring us suddenly together in ways that made it almost impossible to prevent a mutual betrayal of our feelings. But I was honorable, and she was pure and good; and so we stood far apart from each other, cold in exterior as ice.

"For ten years Annie remained single, and then became the wife of Mr. Akers, a man as little fitted to become her husband as Margaret Claire was to become my wife. I know something of his mean, hard nature, and irascible temper. If reports are true, the union has been far from a happy one. When I heard of this marriage, it filled me with bitterness of spirit; I cursed myself and my own wife, and the evil hour in which, '*not being myself*,' I had steered the life-bark in which God had placed two human souls, and given me the helm, right among the seething breakers.

"'*Not being myself*!'" He repeated the little sentence in a tone of mingled bitterness and scorn. Then, speaking slowly, and with a hard deliberation of utterance, he said—"That is, after firing my blood, and confusing my brain with wine (I see it all now as I never saw it before), I laid my head in the lap of another Delilah, and was betrayed!"

"As thousands of others have been, and are daily being betrayed to one kind of ruin or another through the confusion of wine and strong drink taken socially, and, as the phrase goes, temperately," I replied.

"No truer words were ever uttered!" he said, with strong excitement of manner. "And yet, strange to tell, until now the truth never flashed across my mind. The thought startles and appalls me! What sorrow and wretchedness! what wrongs and crimes! what life-long experiences of misery! what hopeless anguish and maddening remorse! what frightful disaster of body and soul!—have their origin in a social glass or bottle of wine. It is all a new revelation to me, sad and terrible!"

"Then," I answered with solemn earnestness, "let me conjure you, by the suffering of years, by the hopeless anguish of two precious

souls; and by the wreck of dearest hopes, to put far from you that which has so cursed your own and another life!"

For a little while he sat looking at me with a surprised, uncertain expression of face.

"It has been your deadliest enemy," I went on—"has done you the greatest of all wrongs. And still you suffer its evil presence; nay, court it, and consort with it as if it were the friend of your soul!"

He started to his feet as if struck with a sudden pain, and grasped my hand with a tight, nervous grip.

"Loathing and disgust are the more fitting sentiments with which one ought to regard such an enemy," I ventured to say.

"Thank you, my friend," he answered, after a little pause, repressing his agitation, and speaking with calm deliberation. "I will be, from this day forth, like a Jew of the olden time, loving my friends and hating my enemies; and this one enemy shall be hated with a perfect hatred!"

"Hated unto the death?" I said.

"Aye, unto the death!"—speaking with energy. And so far he has kept his word.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

By J. B. D.

THERE is no study more delightful, none which brings nearer to us the marvellous in nature, or for the pursuit of which more abundant and convenient opportunities are afforded us, than the study of insects. A knowledge of the general habits of insects is a necessity to us if we would guard ourselves against and put an end to the depredations so many of them commit. Their curious structure, their brilliant and varied hues, their graceful forms, wonderful instincts, and strange transformations, supply us with an inexhaustible fund for admiring observation.

Of insects, more than a hundred thousand species have been described. These have been divided into eight principal orders, severally represented—somewhat loosely, it may be—by those insects commonly known as fleas, gnats, bugs, butterflies, grasshoppers, bees, dragon-flies, and beetles. Other and different classifications have been made, but the one we have given seems the simplest, and has been adopted pretty generally by naturalists.

The word insect means, literally, *cut into*. Examining, carefully, an insect in its perfect state, we find its body divided, or *cut*, as it were, into three parts—the head, the chest, and the abdomen. The cut between these parts is often so deep that the slenderness to which the body is there reduced is truly wonderful.

The body of an insect is composed of thirteen segments, or rings, generally of a horny consistency, united to each other by a membranous skin, giving flexibility to the whole. One of these rings forms the head; three make up the chest, and nine the abdomen.

The head is generally the hardest part of an insect. It is a kind of box, formed of a single piece, and bears the eyes, the antennæ, or horns,

and the organs of the mouth. The eyes, which are among the most wonderful objects in nature, are almost always of the kind called compound, or eyes made up of many lenses, united at their edges, and forming little six-sided facets, each of which is a true eye. The number of these minute organs is sometimes immense—the compound eye of the common house-fly containing four thousand of them, whilst no less than twenty-five thousand have been counted in that of a species of beetle. Besides these compound eyes, many insects also possess two or three simple eyes, very similar in construction to the separate facets of which we have just made mention. They are generally round, more or less prominent, black, and frequently placed in a triangle behind the antennæ.

The antennæ, called horns, are two flexible appendages, exceedingly variable in form, and composed of a number of joints, each having the power of motion. Their office would, in most cases, seem to be that of organs of touch, though their conformation appears to indicate that they are the organs of some special sense, whilst different observers have even attributed to them the functions of smell and hearing. But the truth is, little is really known as to the office they perform.

The mouth of insects is formed after two general types, which correspond to two general requirements. It is suited either for gnawing, cutting, and tearing, or merely for sucking, or for all these purposes. The same organs, however, really exist in all, modified in appearance, indeed so as sometimes to be scarcely recognizable. Taking the parts of a masticating insect's mouth, we find them to consist of an upper and lower lip, moving up and down, and an upper

and a lower jaw, moving from side to side, as it were. The lips meet when the mouth is shut, and are as hard as the jaws. Inside the lower lip is the tongue. This is frequently very different from the same organ in the larger animals. In the grasshoppers, and in the dragon-flies, however, it is rounded and fleshy, not unlike that of quadrupeds. The dragon-flies have, besides, a sort of square, fleshy, cushion-like palate, set like the upper surface of the tongue, with minute black papillæ, or tastars, ending in short bristles, and supposed to be mechanically useful for securing food. Many of the beetles have the hairs on their tongues bent back, like the rough coating on the tongue of the cat and the lion, which we know to be used in filing down, as it were, portions of their food. The tongue of the wasp is forked, not unlike that of a snake, while in other insects it is either three-pronged, long, and tubular, or bristle-shaped and sharp.

The upper jaw or mandibles are usually very powerful, and often strongly hooked and toothed. Sometimes they are scissor-like in their operation, and sometimes suited for bruising and grinding. They perform an important part, also, in the wonderful cutting, tearing, building, and plastering operations of bees and other insects. In some insects they are enlarged into organs for seizing their prey, the lower jaws alone being used for eating it. To the lower jaw and lip are attached certain thread-like and very delicate feelers, supposed to be organs of touch, as their common name implies.

The thorax, or chest, the second primary division of the body of insects, plays a part almost as important as that of the head. It is formed of three rings, to each of which is attached one of the three pair of legs which all insects possess. To the two posterior rings are attached, also, the wings, two or four in number, as the case may be. In two-winged insects, the place of the second pair is occupied by two little threads, terminated by a knot, called balancers. All insects, however, are not winged, the absence of wings characterizing the first order in some systems, which comprises the flea and other similar parasitic insects. The absence of wings is sometimes a distinctive mark of sex, as in the glow-worm.

The variously formed wings of insects are often of immense size as compared with the body. The membranes forming them are filmy expansions of the outer of the three layers of tissue which compose the skin of insects. The ribs, or veins of the wings, are hollow tubes, filled with air, and serving a similar purpose

to that of the hollow bones in the wings of birds. The bodies of insects are frequently covered with long, thick hairs. These hairs, on the wings of butterflies and moths, are flattened and spread out so as to form scales, often of the most brilliant hues, and displaying a wonderful prismatic reflection or iridescence in changing light. The first pair of wings, in the beetles, is represented by two hard wing-cases, or elytra, as they are scientifically termed. In the grasshoppers, these elytra are softer, and more leathery and parchment-like.

All insects, as we have already said, have six legs. To this rule there is no exception, though the whole six may not in some cases be developed. In walking, says a distinguished French naturalist, insects sometimes move their six legs successively, or only two or three at a time without distinction, but never both legs of the same pair together. The walk of insects is frequently very irregular, especially when the legs are long; and they often hop rather than walk. Others have one kind of step, and walk very regularly. Running does not change the order of the movements, it only makes them quicker, surpassing in speed, comparatively speaking, the motion of all other animals. Some insects, however, rather crawl than walk. In swimming, and also in jumping, the hind legs play the principal part. Insects that jump, as the grasshoppers, for instance, have their legs very largely developed.

Of the thirteen rings forming the body of a perfect insect in its normal condition, nine are found in the abdomen. They are much more separate and movable than those of the chest. No appendages are attached to any but the posterior ones, which often carry small organs, which, from their use and appearances, have been called saws, probes, forceps, stings, augers, and the like.

The outer covering or skin of insects is to them in a great measure what the bony framework of the skeleton is to man and other animals. Generally it is of a hard and horny nature, but more or less flexible.

The knowledge that insects breathe is quite a modern acquisition. In the soft membrane between, and connecting the rings to which we have referred, are minute pores or air-holes, by which air is conveyed to the organs that answer for lungs in insects. After entering these breathing pores, the air is conducted by elastic tubes to all parts of the body, and even through the delicate structure of the wings, just as in the case of birds, so that the whole frame is rendered lighter and more buoyant.

The number of air-tubes in the body of an insect is very great. Patiently examining the body of the goat-moth caterpillar, Lyonet found that it is traversed by more than fifteen hundred, which are visible by the aid of a magnifying-glass, without taking into account those which may be imperceptible. Insects breathe an immense quantity of air in proportion to their size. Those which live in the water are either provided with gills, or come to the surface to take the air of which they are in need.

The digestive apparatus of insects usually consist of a crop, with the known functions of the crop in birds, a gizzard, and other organs performing the offices of stomach, liver, kidneys, etc. The gizzard, the only one of these resembling in appearance like organs in the larger animals, is extremely muscular, and well fitted for the labor it has to perform. Its interior walls are furnished with a grinding apparatus, consisting either of teeth, or plates, or spines, or notches, which convert the food into pulp. This organ is absent in sucking insects, and such as live on soft substances.

Insects possess an organ analogous in its functions to the heart, though there are neither arteries nor veins, the blood, which is thin and colorless, being freely diffused in the interstices between the muscles and the gaps left between the different organs.

The metamorphoses or transformations of insects have always been a source of wonder, and were long regarded as, perhaps, the most marvellous phenomena in nature. Of these transformations we can only say at present that they are of two kinds—complete and incomplete. In the former of these, the insect passes through four successive stages: the egg, the larva, the pupa, nymph, or chrysalis; and the perfect insect, or imago. In each of these stages, the appearance of the insect is entirely different from what it is in the others. There are certain insects, however, that show no difference in their various stages except by the absence of wings in the larva; and in these the chrysalis is only characterized by the growth of the wings, which, at first folded back, and hidden under the skin, afterward become free, and finally fully develop themselves. This partial transformation is what is termed incomplete metamorphosis.

Among the insects whose metamorphoses are incomplete, is an order of which the grasshoppers, the cockroaches, and the crickets are the more familiar types. The organs of flight distinguish them from all other insects, the

second pair of wings, with their large, straight, stick-like nervures, and folding together lengthwise, exactly in the manner of a fan, being especially characteristic, and giving the order its name—Orthoptera, from *Orthos*, straight; and *Ptera*, wings.

In this order we meet with some of the largest insects, and particularly those which are of strange and extraordinary shape.

Among these is the mole-cricket, which, in its appearance and habits, and with its powerful fore-legs armed with broad, hand-like claws, bears such a strong resemblance to the little animal from which it receives its common name. In this order, too, we find the odd-looking praying-beetle, so hypocritically solemn in its attitude of devotion, so cruel and bloodthirsty in its habits. Then there are those strange, rather unpleasant-looking, but perfectly inoffensive creatures, called walking-sticks, of which few of our readers, we imagine, have not occasionally seen specimens. Destitute of wings, they resemble so exactly dry twigs, that it is scarcely possible to tell the difference. Though with us they seldom attain a length of more than two or three inches, the walking-sticks of other countries are among the largest known insects, some of them being nearly a foot long.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable among the members of this order, are those curious tropical insects properly known as walking-leaves. The wing-cases, or elytra, of these insects, not only in color, but in texture, and even in veining, are so exactly like leaves, from the fresh green of those newly unfolded to the faded brown of those withered and fallen, that botanists themselves might be deceived if they were detached from the insects and shown as leaves. Among the various species of these insects we find many whose wing-cases resemble, in this manner, the leaves of the laurel, the myrtle, the citron, the lily, the sage, the olive, the camellia, and of thyme and grass.

Specimens of these curious insects have been brought living into Europe. The exquisite engraving which we give this month represents a female insect with her young. It was drawn from living specimens in the Garden of Acclimation, near Paris. The insect figured in it is the walking-leaf of India. These curious creatures, however, are not confined exclusively to the tropical countries of the East. Very many species are natives of Australia, where the largest, the most strangely shaped, and more brilliantly colored of all the known kinds have been found.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

PAPER DOLLS.

THESE pretty little toys are inexpensive, and furnish a vast fund of amusement and occupation. The little ones can become the possessors of large families—of whole neighborhoods, in fact—with full changes of wardrobe and complete sets of household furniture, at the cost of a single wax doll with an appropriate outfit. It is true, mamma must sometimes relinquish her fashion-plates before she has bestowed more than a glance upon them, to be cut up into dolls; and the sitting-room and library-table and floor occasionally present a distressful appearance from the littering chips of the young work-women. Nevertheless, paper dolls furnish a pretty and quiet amusement for the little girls, and will keep them busy for hours on rainy days.

But there is one thing that, in their introduction, has been overlooked. In the times of the old-fashioned dolls, that had to be dressed and worked for, the little girl served her apprenticeship to many womanly duties. She learned to cut, and plan, and contrive; to sew, to knit, and to embroider, that her doll might make as creditable an appearance as its neighbors. And she who had acquired the art of fitting Miss Dolly a dress or sacque with neatness and precision, and who could make the same little lady a fashionable bonnet, found it very easy, when the day for dolls was past, to do the same things for herself and her sisters.

We remember, when a little girl, spending many happy and busy hours with an obliging milliner and dressmaker, who gave us scraps of straws, ribbon, lace, and calico, and copying with the utmost care, for our doll's benefit, whatever article of apparel we saw our hostess engaged upon. But paper dolls were not invented in those days. If they had been, the pencil, scissors, and box of water-colors would probably have obtained preference over the needle and thimble.

Nowadays, we occasionally meet a young lady who is sadly unfamiliar with the use of the needle, and who seems to hardly regard it as a necessary womanly accomplishment. To be sure, sewing-machines have done away with its necessity in a degree, still, it can never be superseded entirely, and no woman seems quite womanly who cannot sew rapidly and neatly. When we meet a girl whose education is thus deficient, we cannot help thinking—"Alas! she was born in the era of paper dolls!"

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR EARACHE.

WE have recently seen several receipts published as beneficial in cases of earache; but one who has a severe attack of that malady will, we think, soon find the inefficiency of them all. There is, however, one remedy which the experience of twenty years has taught us is unfailing. We have seen it repeatedly tried in our own family, and have frequently recommended it to others, always with the same satisfactory result.

No house should be without its bottle of arnica. It is indispensable in cases of cuts, burns, and bruises, and in earache it is a sovereign cure. As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear—which feeling almost always precedes the regular "ache"—let three or four drops of tincture of arnica be poured in, and then the orifice filled with a little cotton to exclude the air; and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If the arnica is not resorted to until there is actual pain, the cure may not be so speedy, but it is just as certain. If one application of the arnica does not effect a cure, it will be necessary to repeat it, it may be, several times. It is a sure preventive for gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of earache.

We have never yet known any harm or serious inconvenience to attend this use of arnica; though if the spirits with which it is made are very strong, it may be diluted with a little water, as the spirits—not the arnica—will sometimes cause a temporary dizziness of the head, which is unpleasant.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A WRITER in the *Mother's Journal* makes some excellent remarks on the subject of the over-tasking of women in household duties, and suggests means by which this can be remedied in a certain degree. She says:

"This is pre-eminently an age of inventions. How to save labor and yet enjoy its results, how to animate the dead forces of nature and make them do man's work for him, are the great problems toward the solution of which the inventive genius of the century is most especially directed; and horses, pulleys, condensed air, and steam are made to do almost all kinds of man's labor.

"But thus far how to save woman's work has been left quite in the background of inventive

thought. We are all familiar with our grandmothers' adage, 'A woman's time is nothing.' From this as a text, sermons written and unwritten have been preached into our lives and breathed into our customs, until even the spirit of invention has come, unconsciously, to recognize that devices to save woman's kitchen work will not pay; and so here is a sphere on which the curse, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' still rests in literal, primitive fulfilment.

"We would not, however, overlook or forget the sewing-machine. In that invention, woman's time has been counted as something, and in it we recognize a great advance step toward the coming of the day when a woman's work shall, in its importance, be placed more nearly on a par with man's work, and when the genius of invention shall be directed toward labor-saving kitchen machinery; or when it shall be considered as well worth while to invest money in co-operative industrial establishments, whose object is to save woman's labor, as it is to invest money in manufacturing reapers and mowers, corn-drills, cultivators, and whatever machinery saves the labor of men's hands and diminishes the sweat of their brows.

"Upon a recent visit to New England, it was very gratifying to me to note the direction that the progress of the times was taking toward the relief of hundreds of farmers' wives, in the establishment of numerous cheese factories throughout the grazing districts in Vermont.

"I visited some of these factories and noted the cleanliness, facility, and comfort with which, by the aid of steam and a little simple machinery, three or four persons were doing the work of ten times that number under the old *regime* of cheese-making. In their homes, too, I saw the rejuvenated wives of these farmers, living with no more drudgery on their hands now, than falls to the lot of other women.

"And, recalling the slop and suds—the cleaning up of heavy tubs and buckets, the scrubbing of whey-slopped floors, the carrying of barrels of whey to distant pig-pens, the turning of heavy cheeses by the mere force of the strength there was in a woman's arm, recalling, in short, cheese-making as I had seen it carried on but a few years ago, in the same districts, and comparing it with the present way of making cheese, in the co-operative factories, I was thankful that some of the inventions of the age had reached this sphere of women, and lightened the toil of Vermont farmers' wives.

"And just in this way I am convinced, from careful estimates and investigations made by persons who have taken everything into consideration, that our washing and ironing can be done in a co-operative laundry better and cheaper than we can possibly have it done in our houses. So with our baking. Bread made by women, with good hop yeast, made as we like to have it made at home; also cookies or cakes and pies of any kind (though

if we did without these, we should be great gainers by the sacrifice). But if we wish them, they can be made out of the house more cheaply than we can make them in our kitchens; for machinery, steam, and the proper appliances for doing things on a large scale, always diminish the price of labor.

"Now, with the washing and ironing taken out of our houses, that terrible drag taken off a woman's life, and a place of resort at hand where we know a good meal for an unexpected guest can be furnished on short notice, it seems to me that a good share of comfort and repose might come into a house, and for as little money as for any investment we could possibly make with money.

"I visited, during the past summer, the community of Shakers at Mount Lebanon, New York. I went over their laundries, their dairies, workshops, kitchens, and bakeries. I ate of their delicious bread—the sweetest, it seemed to me, I had ever tasted—their wholesome cakes, their fruits, so perfectly preserved as to retain the flavor of fresh fruits—of their simply, but most excellently prepared dishes of various kinds. The neatness, wholesomeness, and thoroughness of their domestic *regime*, was a rest and refreshment to body and spirit. There was no hurry, no jostle, no anxious looking toward kitchen door while entertaining a guest; there was no distracted mind divided between half a dozen things of equal importance that we housekeepers, who must be economical of time and money, feel during three fourths of the hours of all the days of our lives; and feel, too, that such a state of things is wearing our lives away, making us old before our time—sending us to our graves, having spent the whole of this poor life in consideration of what shall we eat and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed; and having, meantime, invested so very, very little intellectual or spiritual capital for the other side.

"Under such considerations, the spirits of women may well droop. Life but drags on to its close. Our houses are not homes, but places within whose walls are enclosed scrubbing, scouring, eating, and preparing to eat, and the spirit of worry and discontent presiding over all.

"My friends, I am persuaded that we can live better than this. Let us put some of this work off our hands. Let the women in our small villages unite in establishing a village laundry. Let country neighborhoods unite, as the Vermont farmers have united, to make their cheese. Here is an undoubted 'proper sphere' for woman to work in. She can talk *feelingly* on this subject.

"We owe it to ourselves, to our souls—to that part of our being that will exist when fleshly eating and dressing shall have ceased, to see that some time is reserved for the education and entertainment of that higher part of the life that God, in giving us being, bestowed upon us."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR JANUARY.

BEGINNING, as we do, our directions for gardening in the depth of winter, there is little that can be suggested, except as regards the proper care of the plants and flowers which we must suppose are already transplanted and housed for the season.

It is not too late, however, to begin the cultivation of hyacinths, either in pots or glasses. This may be undertaken any time between the first of October and the first of February; the earlier it is begun, the earlier the bloom, of course.

HYACINTHS IN POTS.—For pot culture the best bulbs should always be selected; the soil used should be about one part decomposed stable manure, to two parts sandy loam, mixed by passing through a coarse sieve. The pots used should be from five to seven inches in diameter. Put the dirt in loosely to the rim, the bulb pressed down so that only about one third of it remains above the top of the soil. The pot is then struck smartly on a bench, so as to give the soil the proper degree of firmness, which will bring it down to an inch or so below the rim of the pot. Water freely, when potted, to still further settle the soil. Then put the pots in a cool, dark place. They may be put in a cellar with four or five inches of sand over them. When they have fairly started to grow, they may be brought to the light, and watered freely, for if stunted in water while growing, the flowers will be small and not brilliant in color.

HYACINTHS IN GLASSES.—Dark-colored glasses are best, as they protect the roots from the light. Fill with rain water, and place the bulb so it barely touches the water. Place the glasses in the dark until the roots reach the bottom, when they may be exposed to the light. As soon as the leaves of the plant assume a healthy green color, they may be placed in the window. The water should be changed once a week, and the fresh water should be of the same temperature as the old. Single hyacinths are better adapted for glasses than double ones.

For giving vigor to the plants, and color to the flowers, a solution made of an ounce of guano, and a quarter of an ounce of chloride of lime, in a quart of rain-water, may be applied at the rate of two teaspoonsfuls to each bottle or pot, twice a week, after flowers begin to appear.

Most of the spring-blooming bulbs can be grown in pots the same as the hyacinth.

GENERAL CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.—The room where flowers are kept needs thorough ventilation daily. They do better in rooms not lighted by gas, as it is always escaping more or less, and is injurious. Give plenty of light, the more sun the better, and turn the pots about frequently, so that all sides may share it. Stir the surface of the soil often.

Water when the surface of the ground looks dry. Too much watering causes the leaves of many plants to turn yellow and fall. The pot should be laid on its side in a sink about once a week, and both sides of the leaves sponged or syringed. In sponging plants that are very dusty, lukewarm water may be used to advantage, but they should be showered afterward with cold water.

Watering with weak lime-water will not hurt the plants. Smoking with tobacco removes the green fly or aphid.

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POTTING OF PLANTS.—It is best to place a plant first in a small pot, and as its size increases, change to larger sized pot. Even when it requires no increase of size in the pot, the plant should be frequently repotted, to give it the advantage of fresh ground. The pot should be perfectly clean, and if new the better. We learn from a new work on "Practical Floriculture," prepared by Peter Henderson, and published by Orange Judd & Co., New York, that it is highly advantageous to the plants to be removed carefully from the pot, and have all the soil washed from their roots, then repotted in fresh soil.

DEGREE OF HEAT FOR HOUSE-PLANTS.—As a general rule, a day temperature of sixty degrees, with a night temperature of forty-five degrees, is what house-plants require. Verbenas, carnations, fuschias, geraniums, azaleas, and camellias, require a lower temperature than bouvardias, poinsettias, begonias, or lantanas.

THE CULTURE OF FLOWERS.

THERE is no occupation so conducive to health, so delightful in itself, so satisfactory in its immediate results, and so encouraging to the growth of all the finer sensibilities, as the out-door culture of flowers. Every woman, whatever her other employments may be, should try to spare time for its indulgence, if only in the most limited degree. Those who fancy they have little taste for flowers, will find that, by fostering it, that little will grow in them until it bids fair to become a passion.

There are few objects in nature so beautiful as flowers, and, though but short-lived, and the frailest of all created things, they atone for this by their abundance and variety. Still, to cultivate flowers successfully, there must exist a love for them. It will not do to treat them like step-children, or, rather, as step-children are popularly represented as being treated. They must be watched, and tended, and nourished, their wants foreseen almost before they are felt, and immediately supplied. They must be protected from cold and sheltered from heat; they must be fed and watered—an all this not spasmodically, but day after day, from the time of the first planting till the frost claims them. And under this fostering care they will thrive, and seem to so enjoy life—to so exult in their existence—that, as their only mode of expression, they burst out into a luxuriance of bloom that ends only with their season.

The love and the culture of flowers is not so general as it ought to be. There are many homes, with every requisite as regards space, where no flowers are to be seen—where the grass is left to grow rank, and where unsightly weeds spring around the door-step. With a honeysuckle trained over a rustic porch at the door, and a veil of morning-glories screening the window; with a bunch of pinks and roses for June, and a display of hollyhocks and lilies for July; and with sweet-williams and larkspurs blossoming the summer through, the humblest cottage can be made an attractive object in the landscape.

It is the general impression of dwellers in a city that they have no space nor opportunities for the culture of flowers: but this impression is an ill-founded one. The tiny back yard, if there be any, and if it receive any sun during the day, can be turned into a

flower-bed. The fences can be fairly hidden with festoons of morning-glories, nasturtiums, and other vines; and even in the damp, shaded corners, where nothing else will grow, violets, pansies, and nemophilas will thrive and be grateful for the shade and moisture. If there is no yard, there must be windows, beneath which, outside, shelves may be fastened to accommodate boxes for flower culture; while, inside, the hanging-basket, and ivy, and the whole race of house-plants and flowers find plenty of room.

And there is something contagious in the manifestation of an attempt to beautify a premises in this simple, yet elegant manner. One house in a street, which displays in front of it a yard, be it ever so small, rich in floral treasures, will, in all probability, make every other house in the square emulous of a like distinguishing beauty. One woman of taste, who displays a hanging-basket, or a vine at her window, is undoubtedly morally responsible for a score of baskets and vines that soon appear at neighboring windows.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE KING'S PARTY.

"THE King has a children's party to-night,
Your little girl is invited guest;"

A great fear froze to my very brain,

A great pain smote to my very breast.

"There are plenty of little ones out in the cold,

Why not gather them in!" I said;

"Leave you my little one safe at home;"

But ever she shook her shining head.

What dress shall she wear to the King's high Court?

I searched her wardrobe through and through,

I tossed her little dresses about,

Till they lay like a heap of sparkling dew.

I came to a little robe, so white,

It looked like a snow-drift laid with care;

This shall she wear to the King's high Court,

With its dainty tucks and laces rare.

What gems shall I set in her silky hair?

Go bring me the casket inlaid with pearl;

The diamonds shine like the morning dew,

But they shine too much for my little girl.

I came to a dainty string of pearls,

That were fit for a king's own child to wear;

These shall she wear to the King's high Court,

On neck and arms, and golden hair.

What flowers shall I put in her waxen hands?

Go bring me some valley lilies fair,

For they droop their heads as she did hers,

When she knelt to say "Our Father's" prayer.

And o'er her bosom strew many a bud,

That lies in its casket cool and sweet,

That went to sleep in the early morn,

And never felt the dust and the heat.

What shoes shall I put on your darling's feet?

Go bring me her satin slippers bright;

The tears would come from my bursting heart,

As I thought of her dimpled feet so white;

Dear little feet that would never ache,

Rambling o'er His pastures green;

And a great peace came to my aching brain,

As I thought of her garments, always clean.

"Your child is robed for the party," they said,

And I went to look at my darling's face;

It was lying cold, and white, and still,

Among soft pillows of snowy lace.

I knew that up in the King's high Court

The angels were singing glad and low,

And that it was over my little girl,

So I left her up in heaven to grow.

New Jerusalem Magazine.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

[The following exquisite love story, from *Blackwood's Magazine*, is by a new poet—DAVID WINGATE, a collier from his ninth year:]

MY little wife often round the church hill,
Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane,
Walked slowly, and lonely, and thoughtful until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain:
And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her

And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,

My heart the while glowing,

The selfish wish growing,

That all her affections were centred in me.

My life once 'tis strange, but 'tis true),

Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,

So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,

The bell chimed and ceased, though she heard not
its strain;

And I, walking near her

(May love ever cheer her

Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free),

Strove hard to persuade her

That He who had made her

Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps, this is wrong—

Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,

Sat on the hillside till her shadow grew long,

Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.

I argued so neatly,

And proved so completely,

That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,

Shé smiled when I blessed her,

And blushed when I kissed her,

And owned that she loved, and would wed none but me.

VICTUALS AND DRINK.

"There once was a woman,
And what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink
Were the chief of her diet,
And yet this poor woman
Scarce ever was quiet."

AND were you so foolish

As really to think

That all she could want

Was her victuals and drink?

And that while she was furnished

With that sort of diet,

Her feeling and fancy

Would starve, and be quiet?

Mother Goose knew far better:
But thought it sufficient
To give a mere hint
That the fare was deficient:
For I do not believe
She could ever have meant
To imply there was reason
For being content.

Yet the mass of mankind
Is uncommonly slow
To acknowledge the fact
It behooves them to know;
Or to learn that a woman
Is not like a mouse,
Needing nothing but cheese
And the walls of a house.

But just take a man—
Shut him up for a day;
Get his hat and his cane—
Put them snugly away;
Give him stockings to mend,
And three sumptuous meals;—
And then ask him, at night,
If you dare, how he feels!
Do you think he will quietly
Stick to the stocking,
While you read the news,
And "don't care about talking"?

Oh! many a woman
Goes starving, I ween,
Who lives in a palace,
And fares like a queen;

Till the famishing heart,
And the feverish brain
Have spelled out to life's end
The long lesson of pain.

Yet, stay! To my mind
An uneasy suggestion
Comes up, that there may be
Two sides to the question.
That, while here and there proving
Inflicted privation,
The verdict must often be
"Wilful starvation."
Since there are men and women
Would force one to think
They *choose* to live only
On victuals and drink.

O restless, uncraving,
Unsatisfied hearts,
Whence never the vulture
Of hunger departs!
How long on the husks
Of your life will ye feed,
Ignoring the soul
And her famishing need?
Bethink you, when lulled
In your shallow content,
'Twas to Lazarus only
The angels were sent;
And 'tis he to whose lips
But earth's ashes are given,
For whom the full banquet
Is gathered in heaven!

Mother Goose for Old Folks.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENTRANCE UPON DOMESTIC LIFE.

"NOT for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we twine;
But for those stern and wintry days,
Of peril, pain, and fear,
When heaven's wise discipline doth make
This earthly journey drear."

"Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she *may* learn; and, happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she *can* learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Humbles itself enough 'to be directed.'"

It is proper to take a view of the new condition of life in which a young wife is placed as soon as she enters on her own household, her duties being varied by the fortuitous circumstances of possession and fortune.

An immense difference exists between the condition of an unmarried and a married woman. She who but an instant before glided calmly along life's pathway, having every wish gratified, ministered to by anxious and devoted parents and friends, suddenly finds herself at the head of a family, and upon her rests, in a great measure, the responsibility of its future well-being.

"The married, as well as the single state, equally demand the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and mind." Self must be entirely laid aside, and every endeavor be made to secure the comfort of all who are brought within the precincts of home. In order to maintain the happiness of the home circle, temper must be effectually restrained, and that blessed "CHARITY, which suffereth long, and is kind," must be allowed full scope.

A young married woman ought to carefully examine her new condition of life in its every phase, penetrate fully into its several relations, and so prepare herself to "lead, regulate, and command." Her chief aim should be to continue to cultivate such pursuits and tastes as are refining and improving in their influence, and best calculated to render their own fireside the spot most attractive to the husband; and these refinements should be the more ardently pursued as life advances—thereby winning and attracting within the magic circle of home those nearest and dearest to a wife and mother's heart.

The husband should be the centre of a woman's thoughts and feelings—in a household view—and his well-being, in every point, her chief aim. She should endeavor to secure his esteem as well as his affection, and seek to be made his only confidante.

Having become the head of a family, she is to conduct herself so as to prove a worthy example, both to those brought into immediate contact with her, and to those who regard her afar off. A woman increases, by marriage, relationships of various degrees. The

cultivation of amicable feelings among the several connections of a family, has an important bearing upon domestic bliss, which may be greatly impaired by injudicious conduct—causing petty jealousies and much uncomfortable and cold restraint.

Regulated temper in a wife is indispensable to conjugal happiness. Should the proper regulation of temper even be delayed until after marriage, a true woman—one who possesses energy of mind, and exercises her knowledge of right and wrong—will not rest satisfied until she has attained the mastery of her disposition; and unless this victory be gained, the happiness of her family will be destroyed.

Example—not merely precept—Influences children, and gives a mother that command over them which she ought to possess. The little ones soon learn to discriminate and comment upon the conduct of parents, and unrestrained temper fills them with abhorrence, and causes them to lose their respect for those, who should be regarded by them with reverence.

Temper should not only be restrained before the husband and children, but also in the presence of servants. A generous, forbearing disposition, maintained on the part of the mistress, will, when servants are not utterly worthless, not only secure esteem, but, in addition, prompt obedience and a more faithful fulfilment of duties.

Mistresses of households, in view of their responsibilities as wives, mothers, and controllers of those around and under them, should particularly strive to cultivate **FIRMNESS**. A temptation, on the part of a husband, even, to too lavish expenditure, to too gay society, &c., should, whatever it may be, if it conflict with principle, be decidedly and at once resisted; yet this should be done with perfect good humor and in the spirit of charity. Obedience on the part of children should be *unhesitatingly enforced*; and if punishment be *deserved*, a threat to that effect should be promptly fulfilled—not angrily, but sorrowfully, so that the child may perceive that whilst the parent is firm, grief is also felt for the necessary infliction of punishment. In like manner, obedience on the part of domestics should be *enforced*; a command once given, its neglect should not be lightly overlooked, but be met so firmly, yet at the same time so gently, that a repetition would not be attempted. We should deliberate well, before hazarding an opinion, maintaining a position, issuing commands, and executing punishment, and then firmness may be displayed without the fear of reproach.

Unbiased judgment ought to pervade all our actions. A woman should strive to "subject her mind and affections to reason," and, above all, *prayerfully* endeavor to regulate her own conduct, and be ever on the watch to reform in herself whatever may seem apt to prove a barrier to domestic happiness.

SOUPS.

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Procure a head and liver. Clean the head thoroughly, and split it in two; remove the brains, and lay them in cold water. Put the head into boiling water, with some pepper and salt, and let it boil till it is soft enough to take the bones out. Then, whilst the head is out of the water, put in the liver and boil it until it is quite done, after which it must be chopped up very fine, together with the head, adding some onions, parsley, and thyme. Then put it on to boil awhile, with a few pounded cloves, a few potatoes, and some small dumplings. Make a thickening of two yolks of eggs, and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, all beaten well together. A little vinegar or lemon juice may be added, if de-

sired. When sufficiently cooked, take the soup off the fire, strain the brains through a sieve into it, and stir it well. Better put the head on to boil early in the morning, as it requires long cooking before the bones can be removed. Boil gently.

GUMBO A LA FRANCAISE.—Cut into small pieces three quarters of a pound of fresh beef, a slice of ham, and a small piece of codfish, or the meat of three crabs, and fry it all well. Brown an onion and cut it into small pieces; cut into small, thin slices a quarter of a peck of okras; tie small bunches of thyme, and parsley together, and remember that these must be taken out of the soup before it is served. Take the seeds out of half of a green pepper. Put all the ingredients into a saucepan, add as much salt as is agreeable to you, and cover them with boiling water; stew them slowly for five hours, stirring frequently with a silver spoon, and occasionally adding boiling water to them.

GUMBO SOUP MADE WITH GUMBO POWDER.—Make a nice broth (using whatever meat you please), and season it with fried onions and spices. Just before serving it, stir into it, well, some of the gumbo powder—about two tablespoonfuls for three persons—and keep the pot over the fire until the soup thickens; then, if you have them, add some oysters or the meat of crabs.

GUMBO OR OKRA SOUP—AMERICAN.—Put five pounds of lean beef in a pot, with one gallon of cold water; boil it until the scum rises, and then skim it thoroughly. Next add three peeled and sliced tomatoes and a small, finely chopped onion, two small green peppers, and a quarter of a peck of gumbo, cut into thin slices across the grain. Salt the soup sufficiently, and let it boil slowly, but steadily. The beef should be set to boil about half-past nine o'clock, and the soup should cook from five to six hours. Skim off all the fat very carefully.

GUMBO SOUP—GENUINE WEST INDIA.—Boil four crabs; when cooked enough, take off the claws and outer shells, and whatever is considered unsafe eating, but keep the bodies whole. Place a pot over the fire, put into it a tablespoonful of lard, and then add the crabs, with a portion of some fat bacon or ham, cut into squares an inch thick; let the whole simmer and fry, *without burning*, until handsomely browned; then add two tomatoes, two peppers, a small onion, sliced, and some salt. Have ready some boiling water, and pour a small portion of it in with the ingredients for the soup. After the sputtering subsides, continue to add the boiling water until you have about three quarts of soup in the pot; then add a quarter of a peck of chopped gumbo, and boil it five hours. Serve it without the bacon. Be careful to skim it, so as to remove all the grease.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Prepare a calf's head very nicely, add three or four quarts of water to it, and let it boil until it is perfectly cooked; then take out the bones and cut it into fine pieces. Put it in the water it was boiled in, adding mace, cloves, and pepper, to your taste, and let it boil well. Prepare some well-browned flour (this ought to be attended to previously), adding as much butter as will make it rich, and some chopped onion-peel which has been browned; also, small portions of thyme and sweet marjoram. Stir all together, put it into the pot containing the calf's head, and when you think it is enough cooked, add some vinegar or lemon-juice to it; or, if you prefer, it can be served without the wine. Two or three hard-boiled eggs, chopped, and stirred into the soup, is a great improvement.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

We have from the best authority, that in Paris—the city which governs the world in these matters—there have been very few changes in the fashions since last winter. As a rule, the dresses made then serve very well for the present season. The Watteau style continues to reign; paniers at the back, skirts looped up at the sides, and richly trimmed petticoats, are still as popular as last winter. The leading modistes try in vain to introduce new styles, but the fashionable public cannot be induced to adopt them.

Worth introduces into his toilets the points, the ruffled sleeves, and the frills of old. He has a manner of draping trains over dresses which is inimitable. Van Dyck himself never draped the queens and princesses he painted more, gracefully than does the famous English man-milliner of Paris.

The same authority tells us that in Paris, for outdoor costumes, there is nothing more distinguished at the present season than those made of pearl-gray cloth and trimmed with bands of curled feathers. The trimming is arranged as a double band at the top of the flounce and round the edge of the tunic, which is simply looped up on the hips. The bodice is in the "Amazone" form, and has a large basque; the feather trimming descends the fronts, and simulates a waistcoat. A "Franc Tireur" hat, made of pearl-gray felt, with a bow of gray velvet and a tuft of feathers, completes the costume.

Frills made of muslin and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, have quite replaced plain linen collars in Paris.

The form of the chignon is changed entirely. Instead of being perfectly round, and worn on the top of the head, it is now long, and, though worn high, extends down into the neck.

Very large gauze veils are now worn as long as scarfs; they are frequently arranged so as to go round the face and neck, being loosely tied either at the back or side. These veils are generally made of the color of the hat.

BASQUE FOR WINTER WEAR.



The front of this basque buttons closely over the chest; the side-pieces are cut very wide, rounded

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and trimmed up to the waist, at the back, and laid in plaits under a four-looped bow. The trimming consists of fringe and narrow velvet. The deep cuffs are trimmed with velvet, and the collar with velvet and fringe. The dress worn with it requires no overskirt.

THE LOCHINVAR BASQUE.



Cloth, lined with plaid flannel, made up after this model, is comfortable for winter wear. The sailor collar and revers are of plaid, as are also the sash and the trimming on the sleeve. The bottom of the Lochinvar basque should be edged with deep fringe.

PATTERN FOR SLEEVE.



The front of this sleeve, which is cut considerably wider than the under side, is laid in wide box-plaits in the centre, and ornamented with bows; the outer edge is trimmed with ruching, and braid or gimp; it is gathered or plaited at the wrist.

ANOTHER PATTERN FOR SLEEVE.



A fresh variety of coat sleeve—a double puffing and frill being inserted between the open points of the epaulet, which gives a graceful finish and additional width to the upper part of the arm. The cuff, epaulet, and frill are edged with black lace, and trimmed with velvet ribbon.

IN-DOOR COIFFURE.



Composed of two strips of lace insertion, joined together and ornamented with loops of satin ribbon placed in the middle.

PORTFOLIO IN SHAPE OF A HAMMOCK.



This pretty portfolio is worked on canvas in satin stitch with wool and silk. It is worked in six shades of brown, from very dark to very light; the last shade is sand-color, and is worked with silk; one single stitch of the same silk is worked in the middle of each of the small leaves over the wool. The bird is shaded with the same colors; the eye is a red stitch, edged with a white circle. The butterfly is worked with red and black silk ground in a fancy stitch with green silk. Both sides of the portfolio

are made exactly alike. The wooden stand is nine and three fifth inches high, and twelve inches wide. The canvas is lined with cardboard and satin; the latter must be slightly quilted and stitched with silk in the color of the ground of the embroidery. Silk tassels or satin bows are fastened at the corners, as can be seen on illustration. We give in the front of our magazine, in nearly full size, the pattern for embroidery of the portfolio.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HOLLANDS. By Virginia F. Townsend, Boston: A. K. Loring.

We once more call attention to this volume of Miss Townsend's, and to the opportunity which it affords any friends of hers to possess themselves of this favorite work in a substantial and elegant form.

It may be well to state here that, at the importunities of many readers, a new chapter has been added to the former conclusion, thus giving finish and completeness to many details.

As Miss Townsend has a copyright interest in this volume, her friends will do her a service by promoting its sale. \$1.50 sent to A. K. Loring, publisher, 319 Washington Street, Boston, will secure to the sender a copy by return mail, post paid.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC. For 1870. With Illustrations by Darley, Gilbert, Eytinge, Brown, Fenn, Du Maurier, Homer, Fredericks, Hennessy, Hoppin, Perkins, and others. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

This very pleasing annual is, in most respects, quite up to the standard of its predecessors. The woodcuts and the reading matter are all that could be asked. The illustrations, printed in colors, have, however, a very cheap appearance, and scarcely meet the commonest esthetic requirements of ordinary picture-lovers. For sale in Philadelphia by Turner Brothers & Co.

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE; or, Which Won? By Rosa Abbott. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

A very well-told and interesting story, which boys, especially, will be delighted with. A detective story for the young folks is a novelty, however, we are not quite sure that we like. A similar doubt seems to have troubled the author of this little book, as we infer from the juvenile casuistry she has put into the mouth of her youthful hero. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

HOW CHARLEY ROBERTS BECAME A MAN. By the author of "Forrest Mills"—a Prize Story. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

HOW EVA ROBERTS GAINED HER EDUCATION. By the author of "Forrest Mills." Illustrated. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

We know of few books—the one for boys and the other for girls—we can more heartily recommend than these. Strong, earnest, and healthy in tone, and inculcating lessons of the highest practical morality, they are never dull or uninteresting. And though written in a style that will command the interest of matured minds, they are yet within the comprehension of ordinarily intelligent boys and girls. Of the story of Charley Roberts, the author, addressing the boy reader, says: "I have written it, hoping that you may gather, as you read, true ideas of manhood; that you may never aspire to profanity, vulgarity, tobacco, wines, stubbornness, self-assertion, or self-conceit, as manly things. *Mannish* they are—*manly*, never. Self-respect, self-control, and respect for others, are manly virtues. But self-respect must fade before habits of profanity or vulgarity; self-control will not indulge in tobacco and wines; and respect for others, and for the right, moderates all stubbornness, self-assertion, and self-conceit into a proper firmness or independ-

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ence." Other stories of this series are announced as in preparation. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

DOTTY DIMPLE'S FLITAWAY. By Sophie May, author of "Little Prudy Stories." Illustrated. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

The sixth and last of the charming "Dotty Dimple Stories," which have had so many admirers among the little folks. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE BOY FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Good Old Times," etc. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

This is the fourth of that capital series of tales for boys, entitled the "Elm Island Stories." In conjunction with a narrative ever growing in interest, it presents many useful lessons and examples of industry, self-reliance, energy, perseverance, sobriety, and good management. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LIVING THOUGHTS. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

This exquisitely printed volume has been prepared by Mrs. C. P. Means, whose "Golden Truths" and "Words of Hope," publications of a similar scope and character, have been so well received. The selections in the present volume, which consist of both prose and poetry, are arranged under the heads of "Christian Experience," "The Christian Graces," "Christian Effort," and "The Source of Strength." For sale in Philadelphia by Duffield Ashmead.

ADVENTURES OF THE GREAT HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE WORLD. By Victor Mennier. Illustrated with Twenty-two Woodcuts. New York: *Charles Scribner & Co.*

The "Illustrated Library of Wonders," to which this book belongs, numbers already, in the French series, nearly a hundred volumes, and has attained a remarkable popularity in France. The present volume has been prepared more especially for young readers, and is designed to illustrate, in connection with stories of remarkable hunting adventures, the nature and habits of some of the largest and fiercest of the wild animals of the world. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE ELEMENTS OF TACHYGRAPHY. Illustrating the first Principles of the Art, with their Adaptation to the Wants of Literary, Professional, and Business Men. Designed as a Text-Book for Classes and for Private Instruction. By David Phillip Lindsley. Boston: *Otis C. App, 3 Beacon Street.*

Tachygraphy, or the science of quick writing, is here represented by a system, in which the best features of stenography and phonography are combined with others at once novel and ingenious in character, by which a continuous, lineal, and vocalized running-hand has been secured. This, the author of the system assures us, is more legible than our present style of chirography, can be reduced to practice with far less labor, and can be written three times as rapidly. The system certainly seems to be based upon sound principles, and commends itself to the especial attention of those seeking to acquire a knowledge of shorthand writing. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

FEMALE STUDENTS AT CLINICAL LECTURES.

THERE was considerable excitement in Philadelphia in the early part of November, occasioned by an unmanly and disgraceful attempt of a few male students, countenanced, we fear, by a majority of their number, to drive the students of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania from the clinical lectures of the Pennsylvania Hospital. The whole subject of the attendance of females at clinical lectures has since been largely discussed in the papers, and public sentiment is clearly on the side of giving the ladies every possible facility for acquiring surgical knowledge, but adverse to their presence at clinics when special operations on the other sex are to be made; and equally adverse to the presence of male students when special operations are to be made on females.

Speaking for themselves, the Faculty of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in an address to the public, thus define their positions which nothing but a weak and unmanly prejudice will attempt to gainsay:

"The taunt has heretofore been frequently thrown out that ladies have not attended the great clinical schools of the country, nor listened to its celebrated teachers, and that, consequently, they cannot be as well prepared as men for medical practice. We believe, as we have always done, that in all special diseases of men and women, and in all operations necessarily involving embarrassing exposure of person, it is not fitting or expedient that students of different sexes should attend promiscuously; that all special diseases of men should be treated by men in the presence of men only, and those of women, where it is practicable, by women in the presence of women only. It was this feeling, founded on the respect due to the delicacy of women as patients, perhaps more than any other consideration, which led to the founding of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia. There the clinical demonstration of special diseases is made by lady physicians, and before lady students alone.

"As we would not permit men students to enter these clinics, neither would we be willing—out of regard to the feelings of men as patients, if for no other considerations—that our students should attend clinics where men are specially treated, and there has been no time in the history of our college when our students could intentionally do so, save in direct contravention of our known views.

"In nearly all of the great public hospitals, however, by far the larger proportion of cases suited for clinical illustration—whether medical or surgical—is of those which involve no necessary exposure, and are the results of diseases and accidents to which man and woman are subject alike, and which lady physicians are constantly called upon to treat. Into these clinics, women also—often sensitive and shrinking, albeit poor—are brought as patients to illustrate the lectures, and we maintain that wherever it is proper to introduce women as patients, there also it is but just and in accordance with the instincts of the truest womanhood for women to appear as physicians and students.

"We had arranged when our class was admitted to the Pennsylvania Hospital to attend on alternate clinic days only, so as to allow ample opportunity for the unembarrassed exhibition of special cases to the other students by themselves.

"We encouraged our students to visit the hospital upon this view, sustained by our confidence in the sound judgment and high-minded courtesy of the medical gentlemen in charge of the wards. All the objections that have been made to our students' ad-

mission to these clinics seem to be based upon the mistaken assumption that they had designed to attend them indiscriminately. As we state distinctly and unequivocally that this was not the fact, that they had no idea or intention of being present except on one day in the week, and when no cases which it would not be proper to illustrate before both classes of students would necessarily be brought in—it seems to us that all these objections are destroyed, and we cannot but feel that those fair-minded professional gentlemen, who, under this false impression as to facts, have objected to our course, will, upon a candid reconsideration, acknowledge that our position is just and intrinsically right.

"The general testimony of those who attended the Saturday clinics last winter at the Philadelphia Hospital at Blockley, when about forty ladies made regular visits, was that the tone and bearing of the students were greatly improved; while the usual cases were brought forward and the full measure of instruction given, without any violation of refined propriety.

"We maintain, in common with all medical men, that science is impersonal, and that the high aim of relief to suffering humanity sanctifies all duties; and we repel, as derogatory to the profession of medicine, the assertion that the physician who has risen to the level of his high calling need be embarrassed, in treating general diseases, by the presence of earnest women students.

"The movement for women's medical education has been sustained from the beginning by the most refined, intelligent, and religious women, and by the noblest and best men in the community. It has ever been regarded by these as the cause of humanity, calculated in its very nature to enlarge professional experience, bless women, and refine society.

"It has in our own city caused a college and a hospital not only to be founded, but to be sustained and endowed by those who have known intimately the character and objects of this work, and the aims and efforts of those connected with it. It has this year brought to this city some fifty educated and earnest women to study medicine; women who have come to this labor enthusiastically but reverently, as to a great interest and a holy calling.

"These ladies purchased tickets, and entered the clinic of the Pennsylvania Hospital, with no obtrusive spirit, and with no intention of interfering with the legitimate advantages of other students. If they have been forced into an unwelcome notoriety, it has not been of their own seeking."

I CAN inform any one interested, of *hundreds* of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear that to-day are in *better working condition than one entirely new*. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of sewing machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in sewing machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity.

Lyndenville, N. Y.

GEORGE L. CLARK.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—This is one of the most promising and readable youth's publications with which we are acquainted. It is issued from Boston, is most judiciously conducted, and has among its contributors such writers as Mrs. Stowe, Rev. Mr. Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and others equally acceptable to the young people. Its announcements for 1870 are more than ordinarily attractive.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR AS A SCHOOL READER.

The Rhode Island *Schoolmaster*, a superior educational publication, in a short article entitled "How shall I infuse new life into my Reading Classes?" contains a very excellent suggestion. It says:

"The great difficulty oftentimes in teaching reading, grows out of a feeling of disgust on the part of the pupil for the Reader, begotten of a long and monotonous acquaintance. To such an extent sometimes does this feeling obtain control of a school, that the Reader in use is substituted for another, for no other reason than to obtain something new."

It then proposes that suitable juvenile magazines be introduced into schools to take the place of the standard Readers, as a way by which the evil of which it speaks can be remedied, and much positive good secured. It has seen the experiment tried on a small scale with such undeniable success, that it has little doubt of the result of a more general movement in the same direction.

We would suggest that *The Children's Hour* is in every way suitable for a school Reader. Each number contains sufficient reading matter to supply the class until the next shall arrive; its illustrations are beautiful and artistic, and its contents are not only interesting to the little ones, but of a character which will improve them morally and intellectually. Nor does its price exceed what is the usual yearly cost of Readers. If advantage is taken of our offer of premiums, a school, at the same time it is supplying itself with Readers, can obtain a cabinet organ with a little effort, and without extra cost. Our terms to clubs, where no premium except engraving is offered, are exceedingly reasonable.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.—In the course of less than twenty years, this company have grown from a very small beginning, to be the most celebrated and extensive makers of instruments of the organ and melodeon kind in the world. They make first-class organs only, and of these produce and sell more than six thousand per annum. Yet, so well is the reputation of their work established, and so great the demand for it, that, notwithstanding this enormous production, they are constantly behind orders, and it is often necessary to wait several weeks to obtain one of their instruments. Their organs rank highest not only in this country, but in Europe, where the demand for them is rapidly increasing.

This remarkable success is undoubtedly owing greatly to their superior skill in this speciality, and to the very important improvements they have effected; but it is the result, almost in an equal measure, perhaps, of adherence to, and energetic pursuit of, certain principles. Inflexible rules with them are (1) to do the very best work only, availing themselves of every improvement, and being careful to suffer no inferior instrument to leave their factory, and (2) to sell always at smallest remunerative profits, having fixed prices which are alike to all.

Any one buying an organ made by this company, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has one of the best instruments of the class which can be made, and this at the lowest price at which such work can be afforded.

THE METHODIST.—Among the many denominational papers of the country, *The Methodist*, under the able editorship of Geo. R. Crooks, D.D., stands among the foremost for ability and varied literary excellence. It represents the Lay Representation party in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and brings to the dis-

cussion of its special theme an earnestness, breadth of argument, and vigor that cannot fail to make it a power in the church founded by John Wesley.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR NEW DRESS.

We give the "HOME MAGAZINE" a new dress with the New Year. For the rich and elegant design of our cover we are indebted to Mr. Jas. W. Lauderbach.

Our illustrations for this year will be of a high order. Mr. Bensell's picture in the present number is very fine, and has been engraved by Mr. Lauderbach in his best style.

We trust our friends who make up clubs will secure if possible a place for the "HOME" in every family in their neighborhoods. If other magazines are taken, urge a trial of the "HOME" also. The cost of a subscription is very light, and as many as three or four magazines in a family is no serious tax in a year, is, in fact, one of the cheapest investments that can be made, and gives the largest amount of pleasure and profit, if the magazines be good, that can be obtained for the same expenditure.

"ONCE A MONTH," our new magazine of "good reading for the people," has won golden opinions everywhere. The press, throughout the land, has fully endorsed it as one of the very best reading magazines in the country. Its cheapness makes it available for all.

Correspondents should be very careful to write the name of the county and State at the head of their letters, as well as the name of the town. Neglect of this is very frequent.

REMITTANCES.—These should be in Post-Office Orders, or Drafts on Philadelphia, New York or Boston; where these cannot be obtained, send national bank notes, and register where the amount is five dollars or upward.

In making up clubs, or premium lists, for the "HOME MAGAZINE," any number of "Once a Month" may be included, as the price is the same. This will enable many persons to get up their lists more easily.

The subscribers in a club need not all be at the same post-office.

When subscribers to more than one of our magazines are sent in the same letter, separate lists should be made out, to prevent mistakes in entering the names on our mail books. A little care in this matter will save much trouble, and many errors and disappointments.

See our premium lists.

THREE FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINES FOR FOUR DOLLARS!—We give our three magazines, containing two thousand pages of the best reading to be found anywhere, and illustrated by over four hundred engravings of works of art, illustrations of travels, natural history, science, fashions, and needle-work, for the small sum of \$4 a year!

A CASH DIFFERENCE ON PREMIUM LISTS.—Whenever the full number of subscribers required for a premium cannot be secured, a cash difference will be taken. This will, in most cases, be very small, as we shall always make it as light as possible.

GODY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We club the Lady's Book with all our magazines. See clubbing list.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—The January number of the "Hour" exceeds in beauty and richness any number yet published. Don't fail to get a copy. Bensell's four exquisite illustrations of Longfellow's sweet poem, "The Children's Hour," are more than worth the cost of the number. Specimens sent by mail for ten cents. Or, you can buy it at the news-dealers for fifteen cents.

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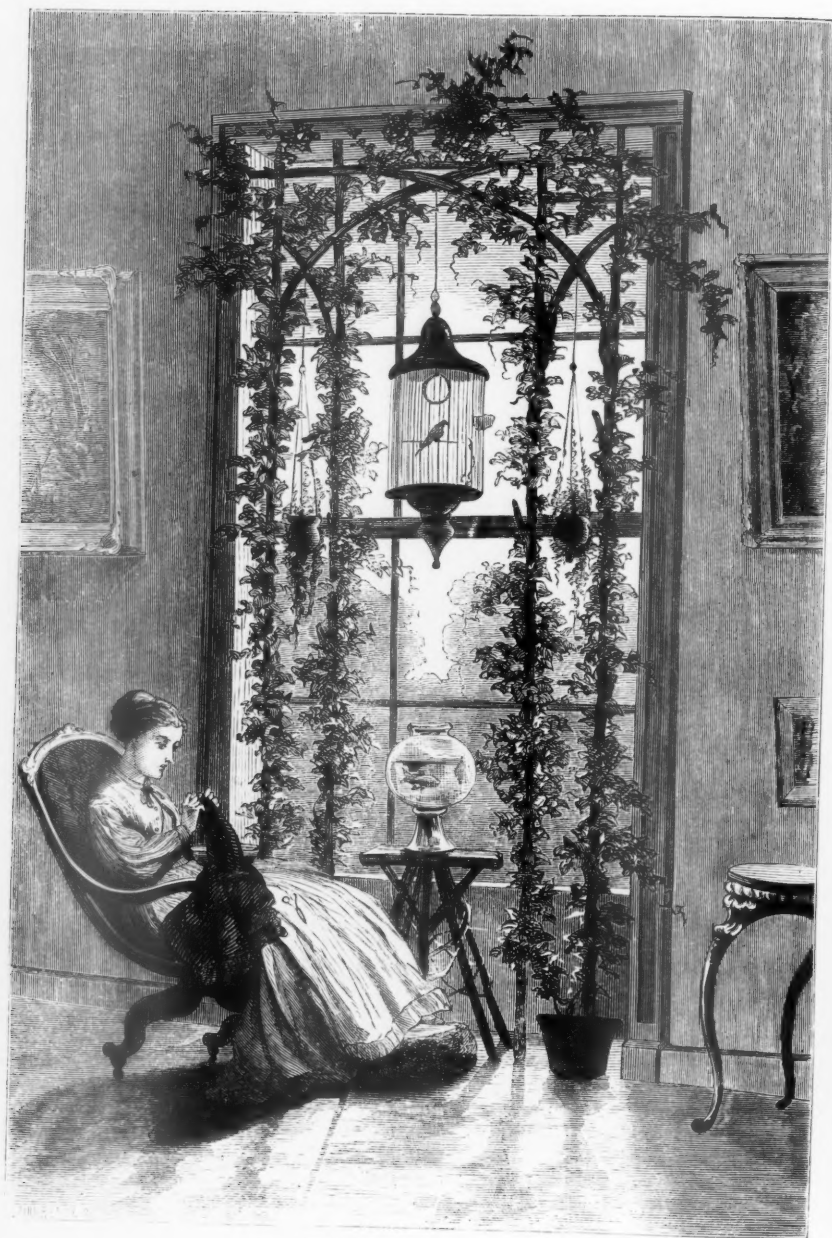
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THE IVIED WINDOW.

See Gardening for Ladies.



No. 8.



No. 1.

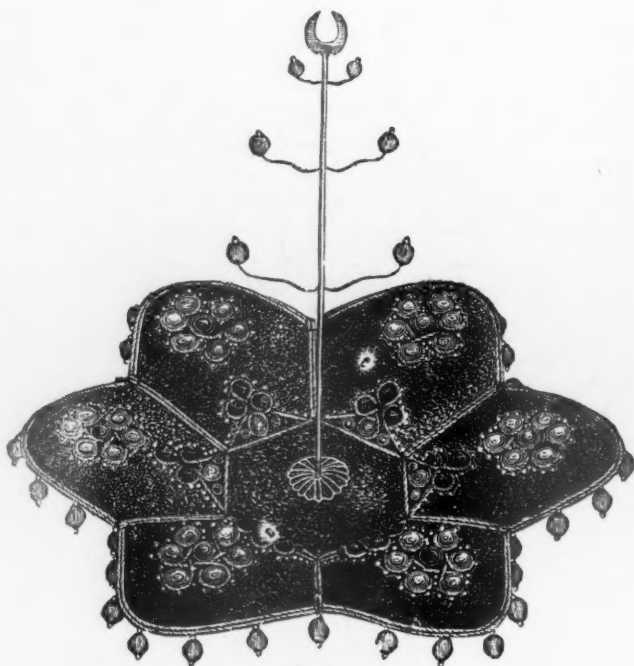
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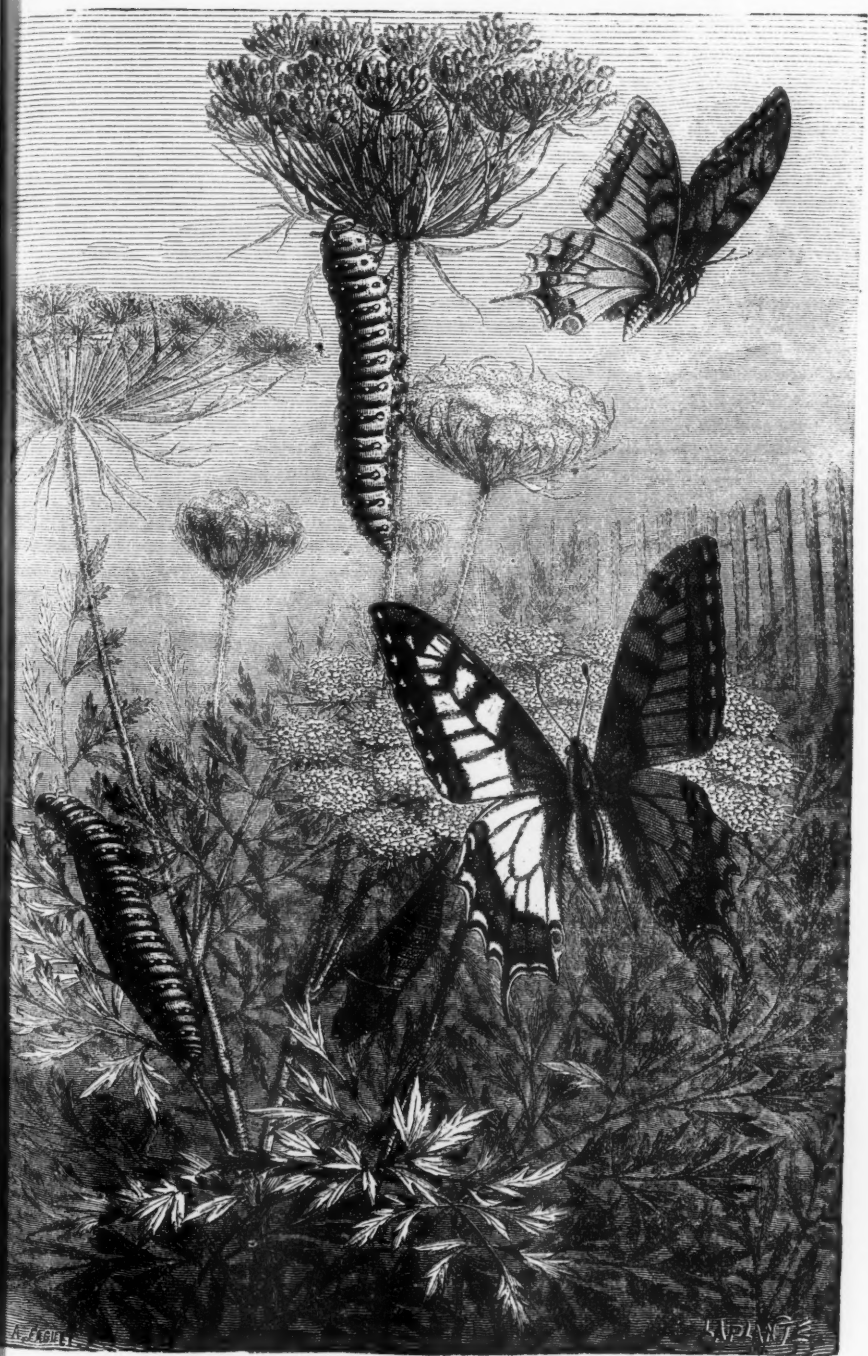
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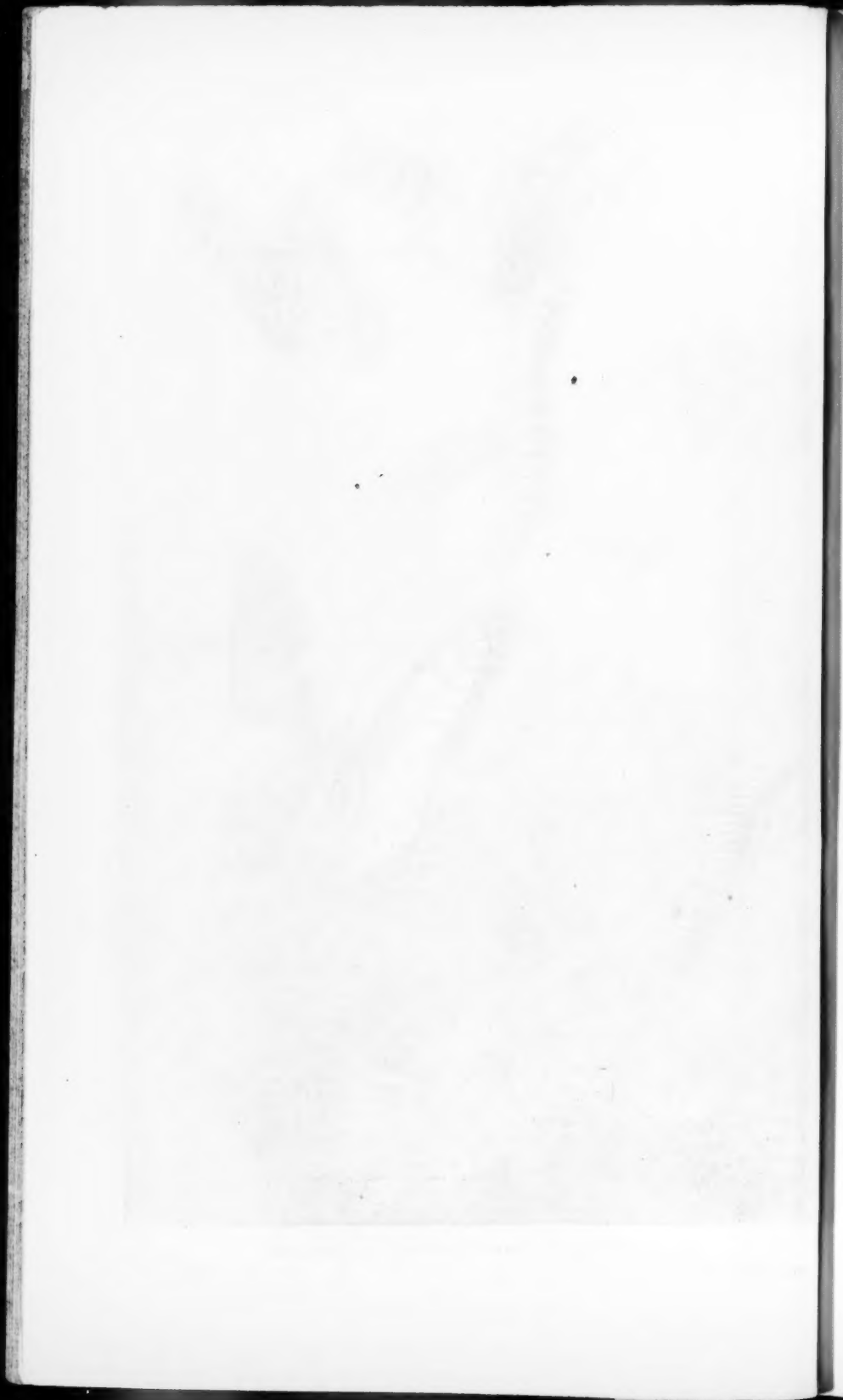
No. 11.



No. 5.



SWALLOW-TAILED BUTTERFLY (*Papilio machaon*). See page 105.





YOUNG GIRL OF MALABAR. (*See Home Circle.*)

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1 is a pretty walking-costume, very suitable for merino and empress cloth. It is trimmed with double bias folds of black silk, narrow velvet being sewn on the side which is attached to the dress; above these graduated folds, on the lower skirt, is a fanciful heading of straps and buttons. The overskirt, small cape, and sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

No. 2, for street or home wear, will be generally liked. The corsage is plain, and very suitable to wear under one of the fashionable red cloth jackets. The model is a dark blue silk, trimmed with black guipure and quilings of black velvet, through the centre of which are laid wide milliner's folds of the silk. The flounce is edged with lace and headed with velvet quilting; it is placed high on the skirt. The overskirt, which forms an apron-front, is trimmed to correspond, as also are the sleeves. The belt is of black velvet, and has, at the back, a large bow without ends. The corsage fastens with black velvet buttons.



CAMERA BODICE—FRONT AND BACK.

A pretty bodice, to be made of black velvet, with revers, bows, and pipings of striped colored satin, and edged with narrow black lace. The front is a stomacher corsage, with two darts and revers, ornamented with two satin bows; on each shoulder is a similar bow with fringed end. The back, which is considerably longer, is made with revers both above and below the waist. This is a stylish and fanciful addition to any dress, and the revers should be of a color that will correspond or contrast well with the color of the dress for which it is specially made.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—A silver-gray poplin, trimmed with black or blue velvet. The gored skirt is cut extremely short, and edged with a deep Spanish flounce, bound and trimmed with velvet, and set on in Russian plaits. The corsage consists of a loose basque front, which, being belted in, gives the appearance of a French waist and overskirt. The back fits closely, like an ordinary tight waist, but the back of the overskirt is cut very full and long, slit some distance down the centre, and arranged in Watteau folds, crossed, and attached with velvet bows to each shoulder (as illustrated), thus forming a double Watteau and panier overskirt. The overskirt is edged with fringe, with heading of quilled velvet; the quilling is continued up the fronts of the basque round the neck and sleeves. Two bows are placed on each side of the overskirt.

No. 2 is of crimson merino, made with short, tight house basque, and simply trimmed with black silk and narrow velvet. This is a good opportunity of utilizing an old silk dress. The trimming consists entirely of double bias folds of silk, sewn on one side only, and headed by two rows of narrow velvet. Five of these folds encircle the skirt. The basque is edged with a single fold of silk, and the sleeve trimmed with three rows of the same. Nine bows of silk are placed down the back of the corsage and skirt, and three more on each sleeve.



No. 3.—WINTER BASQUE.



No. 4.—MILITARY JACKET.

No. 3.—This basque is of black silk, trimmed with figured or plain satin, and narrow velvet. The bottom is trimmed with three rows of velvet, headed with a narrow Russian plaiting of black satin; sleeves and epaulettes to correspond. The front is made with revers of figured or plain satin.

No. 4.—Blue or scarlet flannel makes up well after this model for house-jackets. The back is a plain basque; the fronts are double, forming a closely fitting vest with two darts, and a loose, rounded jacket with one. Scarlet should be trimmed with narrow black velvet. For blue jackets, white trimming is considered better taste.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

TO MRS. GEORGE Y. SHOEMAKER.

THE HARRIET REDOWA.

COMPOSED BY P. RONDINELLA.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piece consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a simple harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a steady accompaniment. The third system shows a more complex treble staff with many beamed sixteenth notes, while the bass staff remains simple. The fourth system includes a repeat sign in both staves, indicating a return to a previous section. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final cadence in both staves.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]



FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN



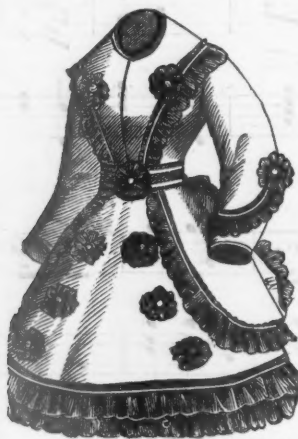
No. 1.—MISS'S DRESS.



No. 2.—LITTLE GIRL'S SUIT.

No. 1.—Scarlet, crimson, maroon, or violet merinos made after this model are pretty and seasonable for little girls. The underskirt is simply trimmed with three rows of black velvet. The overskirt, which consists of four pointed gores and an apron-front, is edged with narrow flouncing of the material or of pinked black silk, and trimmed with velvet and bows bound with velvet. The corsage is plain, and the cape worn with it is trimmed to correspond with the overskirt.

No. 2.—Blue poplin or merino, trimmed with black velvet. Round the gored skirt is a narrow flounce, with a wide, ornamental heading, formed of two rows of black velvet, and cross straps of the same. The overskirt has an apron front; is raised at the sides and back with bows of the material, bound with velvet, and edged with a ruffle and two rows of black velvet; the ruffling and velvet, being continued over the corsage, simulate a small pointed cape. The sleeves are trimmed with straps of velvet and ruffling, to correspond with the lower skirt, and three more of the bows, bound with velvet, are placed down the back of the corsage.



No. 3.—YOUNG MISS'S DRESS.



No. 4.—BOY'S FARRAGUT SUIT.

No. 3.—This pretty little dress is quite simple in form, being merely a plain gored skirt and tight waist. The trimming of scalloped silk simulates a pointed cape and overskirt. The bottom of the skirt has a double row of the scalloped silk, which is set on in gathers and headed with narrow velvet. The front is trimmed with rosettes; the back with a rounded sash-end trimmed round to correspond.

No. 4.—A pretty sailor suit for boys. Dark blue flannel, trimmed with white, is much worn. The jacket is made with a large sailor collar, and an anchor is embroidered in each corner. The sides of the pants, and the cuffs, as well as the front of the jacket, are ornamented with buttons.